

THE LIVING AGE.

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From Beginning
Vol. CCXXXIII.

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AMERICA AND THE ALLIANCE.

Implicit in the reception given by the people of this country to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, there has lain the assumption that the United States is, in some sort, a third party to it. In the first few sky-rocket moments of approval, more than one of our leading journals ventured as much; and the popular mind which in its kindness is stirred, sometimes, perhaps, to the point of unhingement, by any prospect of Anglo-American co-operation, has enlarged on the hint with some eagerness. In Parliament, too, there was a noteworthy waste of breath on the matter of "the American attitude." Washington, it appeared, had, like Berlin, been honored with a *précis* of the new agreement before it was published here. Mr. Norman remarked that "the interests of the United States in this matter were identical with our own." Viscount Cranborne had no doubt that "in this agreement we shall command the full approval of the Government of the United States." Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had a word on the "similarity of peaceable commercial interests and other material interests," between England, Japan and the United States in the Far East; and Mr. Balfour said that the Treaty would do much to place upon a solid and permanent foundation the interests common

to the whole of the commercial world and "not least of our American brothers." These words had a ready and cordial welcome in the United States, and the reflex action of American applause on those who go down to the Tube in lifts was to strengthen their conviction that the United States was "with us." As a matter of form, said the Tube in effect, America might stand outside in deference to traditional prejudices; but that was a mere detail which the growing sense of community of interests and a larger experience in *Weltpolitik* would wear away, which in any real crisis would disappear. Practically we might count on America, not only for "moral support"—a commodity of which our kinsmen seem to have even more than their racial share—but for diplomatic assistance, with a pleasing vision of Mr. Hay working overtime on dispatches in our behalf—and even, if need were, the Tube did not shrink from it, for a yet more physical backing. Had not a New York paper declared that "the new Dual Alliance will result in the carrying out of an American theory in practice?" Did not every cablegram multiply the signs of official, semi-official, and, most important of all, popular approval? Conviction, indeed, seemed likely to change to certainty when it was known that

Mr. Hay, in the first flush of the Alliance, had protested with extra emphasis against the exclusive privileges in Manchuria sought for by the Russo-Chinese Bank. Both those who favored and those who opposed the Anglo-Japanese Agreement as a stroke of policy found the utmost significance in Mr. Hay's language, the one party arguing that it made any stringent compact with Japan superfluous and that an understanding with the United States would have brought us all we really wanted; the other party gratefully welcoming it as the hoped-for accession of strength. The last few weeks have palpably toned down much of the primal fervor that hailed the Treaty, a fervor which was partly the issue of pro-Japanese sentiment, but, more largely, of a gratified surprise at the discovery that the Government had actually hit upon a policy. On this point of the rôle America is to play there is still, however, a too flattering optimism. Both the public and the Government would seem altogether to overestimate firstly, the reality, and secondly, the value of American support. The New York "Evening Sun" was only partially quoted when it declared that England and Japan were about to carry out an American theory in practice. In words of far more significance it went on to give with frankness and precision the real American view of the Alliance: "It must be all the more satisfactory to us when we consider that the thing has been done without this country's breaking through the rule to avoid all entangling alliances. China, with her teeming millions, will be open to our trade and commerce. We alone of the nations will not pay for the privilege." This is one of the rare occasions when New York interprets America. The "Evening Sun's" remarks might be paralleled by quotations from a score of journals, west, north and south. They are worth pondering,

for unless I am wholly out of my reckoning, there lies in them the clue to American policy throughout the entire crisis in the Far East.

In November, 1897, when Germany seized Kiau-Chau, I happened to be a resident in the States, and both then and for more than two years after had the opportunity of studying America's attitude on the spot. It was one of interested, enjoyable detachment. They followed the development of events across the Pacific as they might have read one of Mr. Wells's semi-scientific romances. It was fascinating and at times amusing; it threw up incidents, like the occupation of Port Arthur and the iniquitous Anglo-Russian duel that followed, from which their dramatic sense could extract entire satisfaction. But it held them with a wholly impersonal interest; the "opening-up of China" was to them a phrase merely, with as much or as little bearing on their own fortunes as the opening-up of Mars. The connecting link, so far from being looked for, was not even suspected. Of course there were individual exceptions. A Chamber of Commerce here, a Merchants' Association there, a few of the better sort of journals and some consuls and ex-consuls, like Mr. John Barrett, did what they could to show the right relation between American interests and whatever the future might hold in store for China. But the public generally was not in the least to be moved from its unconcern, and as usual its attitude was only too faithfully reflected at Washington. There was one extempore debate in Congress, neither very lucid nor well-informed, and then the matter dropped. No resolutions were taken, no policy was so much as hinted at. The Administration, to the outward eye, did not pretend to have even an opinion, much less a policy. From not a single official utterance could it be gathered that Washington was so

much as cognizant of anything unusual in the state of the Celestial Empire. If the President and his Cabinet felt any anxiety over the political developments in the Far East or saw in them the possibility of menace to American commerce, the fact was most admirably concealed. But one suspects that their equanimity was the equanimity of indifference rather than of confidence. Possibly they were waiting for "a mandate" from the people, or felt bound by "the great principle of non-intervention," or conceived—it is a common notion with the Americans—that treaties were endowed with some automatically self-acting and self-protecting virtue, and could be trusted to take care of themselves. Or possibly, indeed probably, they simply relied upon Great Britain to pull them through. It gradually came to be understood that British and American interests, so far as trade went, were on all fours, and Americans watched Lord Salisbury's diplomacy with complacent approval. There was, of course, no offer of assistance—the sacred rule of avoiding entangling alliances forbade anything of the kind. American policy had at least the merit of impartiality. If it did nothing to hinder those who were trying to close the open door, it did nothing to help those who were trying to keep it open. Russia's policy in Manchuria, France's in Yunnan and Kwangsi and Germany's in Shantung, developed without a word of protest from Washington. And this, one must remember, in spite of the fact that American exports to China were second only to our own, that her trade with China had trebled its value in the preceding seven years and was growing at a greater rate than any of its competitors, that the foreign market was just beginning to make itself as essential to American industries as it long had been to American products, and that, so long as China continued to

trade with the West, the United States had the geographical advantage of all rivals except Japan. But against the hoarded provincialism of years these considerations had no weight, and after a while even such spectacular interest as was felt in the opening phases of the trans-Pacific drama faded away under the pressing acuteness of the Cuban problem, and was finally killed by the Spanish and Philippine wars. Throughout 1898 and the major part of 1899 Americans took the fullest advantage of the coincidence between their interests and our own to shift the whole burden of their protection on to Lord Salisbury's shoulders.

But all this, it will be said, belonged to the days of America's isolation, before she became a "world-power" and while a certain narrowness and self-sufficiency might perhaps be noted in her policy and outlook. Now that she has strewn the Pacific with stepping-stones from San Francisco to Hong-Kong, and planted herself in the West Indies and started an Asiatic empire of her own, surely one may expect her to do a little for her interests in China. It is assumed that, on so considerable a matter, pride and national dignity will eventually urge her to some more active rôle than that of preaching into British ears the blessedness of vicarious sacrifice; and the assumption is partially correct. In fact America has already bounded out of her long innocuous isolation and resolutely started in to write dispatches. It was in September, 1899, during an interval of comparative calm, that Mr. Hay launched his circular to the Powers. On paper, at any rate, it committed America definitely to the maintenance of the open door. It announced that the United States could not agree "to any recognition of exclusive rights of any Power within, or control over, any portion of the Chinese Empire." In order, therefore, to protect American in-

terests in the Far East by keeping "an open market for all the world's commerce," by removing "dangerous sources of international irritation" and thereby "hastening united action of the Powers at Peking to promote administrative reforms," the United States Government sought "declarations by the various Powers claiming spheres of interest in China as to their intention in regard to the treatment of foreign trade and commerce therein." These declarations were cheerfully supplied. It was given out that all the Powers had subscribed to the American proposals; but on more careful inspection it became evident that the Russian reply was so evasive and non-committal as to amount, in fact, to a subtle rejection of the American request. Still it was felt, and especially in England, to be a very considerable advance on anything that had gone before that Americans should at last be stirring themselves and mapping out a definite line of action—or was it only a definite line of argument? The policy announced by Mr. Hay was at any rate identical with everything Great Britain had been striving for, and for the future it was taken for granted the two Powers would work diplomatically together.

On this expectation, and on much else, the Boxer movement and the events that followed it threw a light of immense significance. That sudden and curious episode will be memorable for many things, but not least for this, that for the first time it brought the United States into every-day diplomatic touch with the rest of the world in the solution of a problem common to all. The circumstances were such that one man's guess was about as good as another's; "diplomatic experience" in that concrete and bewildering emergency went for little or nothing; and, indeed, the event proved that those who were supposed to know China best

were often the wildest as well as the most dogmatic in their suggestions and advice. The abruptness and novelty of the crisis helped in a sense to place all the Powers pretty much on a par, and America's ignorance of China, her entire lack of anything in the nature of an Asiatic Department, and the paucity of "expert advice" to which Mr. Hay could turn with any confidence, handicapped her much less than one would naturally have expected. The statesmen of all countries were thrown suddenly back, each on his own perspicacity and general good sense, with but little help from Permanent Secretaries or State archives; and the extreme slenderness of America's actual acquaintance with China placed her therefore at no particular disadvantage. Indeed, in so far as it prompted the Administration to treat China much as it would have treated any other country under the same circumstances, it was probably an aid rather than otherwise to America's diplomacy. The first appearance of the United States as a working member of the family of nations was thus to some extent relieved of the usual embarrassments of a *début*. The situation, all the same, was one of anxious and engrossing novelty. For the first time America found herself called upon to shoulder the responsibilities of a great Power, to criticize and suggest at a moment's notice, to apply in the concrete and amid the clash of a score of jarring claims, a policy she had thought to confine to dispatches, and to make decisions that might please one group of Powers but could not help displeasing another. I believe the verdict of history will be that she emerged from this ordeal with far more credit than Europe allowed her at the time. Even the English Press was for making an injury of the policy she pursued, and charged her with being "detached from the concord of civilization," "false to the Christian

compact," "unfaithful to the Brotherhood of White Men," and I know not what else. But the United States, it should be borne in mind, approached the question from a standpoint different from that of any other Power, our own included. She went to China with a single-minded object—the defence of American lives and property. "Might-have-beens" are a fascinating but unprofitable text, and it is an idle amusement to inquire what course she would have taken or whether a single American soldier would have been landed in China had it not been for the accidental presence in the Philippines of an American army. Enough that the United States shirked none of the military labors when the call came. But they were labors directed to a definite end—the relief of the Legations; and when the Legations were known to be secure, America was ready to regard the incident as "closed," to let China off with a moderate indemnity, a few administrative reforms and a pledge of security for the fuller development of the world's trade. From August onwards the key to her diplomacy was the desire to bring matters to a conclusion and get out of the country with all possible speed. For one thing, she felt from the beginning that however inexcusable the attack on the Legations, China had suffered infinite provocation, and that the Powers, and Germany in particular, had largely brought the crisis upon their own heads. With these feelings it was easy for her to accept in all sincerity the diplomatic fiction that China and the West were at peace and that the Powers were really there to assist the Chinese Government in suppressing the Boxer émeute.

She refused accordingly at the outset to join in the bombardment of the Taku forts, and throughout the months that followed the relief of Peking she steadily set her face against the "raids" and

"expeditions into the interior," in fact, against every proposal—and they were many—that smacked of mere aggressiveness. The object Americans really cared about was attained when the safety of Mr. Conger and of the American missionaries was assured. The weary months of negotiations, the unproductive "expeditions" that yielded nothing but the slaughter of Chinese peasants, and the humiliations caused by the brutalities of Russian and German soldiers, wrought only lassitude and nausea. They jarred on the impatience of the nation, they deeply offended the public conscience, and they added to the growing volume of sympathy with the Chinese. America was neither pro-British nor anti-British, neither for Russia nor against her. She was ready to accept and support any proposal from whatever quarter that would hasten an equitable settlement. For this reason she went further than any other Power in welcoming the Russian proposal to retire from Peking; for this reason she advocated the appointment of Li Hung Chang as negotiator; for this reason she rejected the French and German circulars. The truth was that as time went on America grew more and more suspicious of her allies, and especially of Germany. She disliked intensely the notion of her soldiers serving, even nominally, under German orders, and, rightly or wrongly, she believed the Emperor to be prolonging the crisis in the hope of finding a chance to repeat his Kiau-Chau stratagem. The conditions of peace formulated by the Powers seemed to her to be intended for Chinese rejection, and with much pertinacity and very considerable success she used her influence on the side of moderation. The United States, it is well worth recalling, stood out with more determination than any other Power against the carnival of executions with which Christendom proposed

to appease its wounded dignity, just as she stood out against the imposition of an overwhelming indemnity, against the razing of the Taku forts, and against a permanent occupation of any portion of Chinese territory. Her diplomacy was, in fact, almost wholly in line with the principles that Sir Robert Hart expounded with such brilliant and wholesome effect in the pages of this Review. It was in the best sense conservative, and in the best sense moral. Mr. Rockhill, the Special Commissioner, claimed in his review of the negotiations that the United States had "exerted a salutary influence in the cause of moderation, humanity and justice," and the claim cannot in fairness be denied. She was, of course, roundly denounced at the time for her squeamishness, but I am not sure that an unbiased judgment to-day would not have to admit that Mr. Hay showed a higher union of imagination with practicality than any of his brother negotiators.

Sobriety was, at any rate, one indisputable mark of the diplomacy of the United States. Another was its independence; it picked out from the first a line of its own and held firmly to it, in spite of the sneering comments that came from Europe. Yet a third quality, and this the one most germane to my present purpose, was its eagerness to have done with the whole business. The rescue of the Legations once accomplished, a profound distaste of the situation developed all over the States. On some of its causes I have already touched. The appointment of a German Commander-in-Chief was one of them; a second, and more powerful, was the suspicion that certain members of the Concert were actuated by ambitions, the fulfilment of which depended on the continuance of anarchy in China. Moreover, the atrocities committed by the Germans and Russians effectually stripped participation

in "world-politics" of its glamor. No nation felt the stain and disgrace of the events that followed the occupation of Peking with a more disgusted keenness than America. Furthermore as the months dragged along and the Concert was seen to be trying desperately hard not to fall to pieces, and frictions and collisions between the Allies grew more and more frequent, there loomed up, to America's intense alarm, the possibility of a general war in which, for all her dexterity, she might become involved. Domestic politics, too, counselled a speedy withdrawal. The Philippines had been dangerously denuded of troops and a Presidential election was at hand in which the Administration's "Imperialist tendencies" and "love of foreign adventures" were to figure as the first points of attack.

But beneath all this, and at the very root of the repugnance with which Americans looked at the part they were forced to play, lay that peaceable, home-keeping instinct of theirs—call it provincialism, anti-Imperialism or what you will—that still dominates the thought and sentiment and policy of the nation. The man in the cars—and it is he who makes the foreign policy of America, far more decisively than the man in the street makes ours—is wholly against anything, not directly connected with American lives or American territory, that may lead to "foreign complications." Washington's warning against "entangling alliances" still holds the field absolutely. The policy of isolation and non-interference still represents the national will. But it may be urged that the acquisition of the Philippines and the broadening sphere of American interests must in the long run make the old ideal of seclusion untenable. Eventually, perhaps; but those who know America best will, I think, agree that that time is so far distant that neither this generation nor the next will live to see it.

An empire is easier to come by than the spirit of empire, and though Americans delight to call themselves a "World-Power" on the strength of a few dependencies in the Pacific and a few more in the Caribbean, the claim can only be admitted in the narrowest and most technical sense, the sense, for instance, in which New York may be called a cosmopolitan city because a great many people of different nationalities make it their home. The attributes of a "World-Power," one takes it, are less a matter of geography than of consciousness and mental horizon, and though the issue of the Spanish war was an undoubted upheaval of sorts, it remains the fact that the questions that really affect America are still American questions—the Monroe Doctrine, Alaska, Canadian Fisheries, and so on. In effect the national self-engrossment is hardly less complete to-day for all practical purposes than it has been any time during the past hundred years. The desire to have as few political dealings with foreign Powers as may be is still about as strong as ever; the determination, even at some sacrifice of American interests though never of American lives or American territory, to keep as much as possible to themselves and to avoid all situations in which there may lurk a chance of "complications," has in no way weakened. The palm without the dust is, and for many years will be, the limit of American intention. Of all things "an active foreign policy" is the furthest from her thoughts.

If this diagnosis be correct, American policy in China becomes subject to a considerable discount—such discount, in fact, as is involved in the statement that there is no possible development in the Far East that would tempt the United States to draw the sword, unless it were to rescue the lives of American citizens. This is a conclu-

sion I do not advance nor ask to be accepted on the mere *ipse dixit* of a foreigner. It can be buttressed by the best of all evidence, the evidence of Americans themselves. "Fortunately for the United States," wrote Mr. Josiah Quincy in August, 1900, "in spite of our large army in the Philippines and our troops now in China, no sane American thinks that we will fight with any other member of the Concert, whatever may be our policy or our interests, either to prevent the dismemberment of China or to secure any share in the partition for ourselves, or to reform the Chinese Government, or even to maintain the 'open door' for our trade." Mr. Quincy speaks for New England and New England for once is in line with the rest of America. What he says might be emphasized by quotations from papers of every shade and every twist of thought, and when, on any open point of American attitude or policy, Boston and Yellow Journalism think alike, the point may be taken as settled. In this case Boston and Yellow Journalism have behind them all the Conservatism, all the parochialism, and those first instincts which are also the second thoughts of the country. America's policy in China is one of dispatch-writing simply. She favors the "open door" and will keep it open so far as scribbling can. She would prefer "a strong, independent and responsible Chinese Government, which can and will be held accountable for the maintenance of order and the protection of our citizens and their rights under the treaties;" and to this end no pen will flow faster than hers. She values—possibly, like most of us, she over-values—her stake in the future of China, and she will not spare the ink in its defence. But Niagara itself would not be more deafening than the roar of indignant protest over the slightest hint of a war in the protection of these interests or the development of

this stake. If every Power that to-day claims a sphere of influence in China were to announce that it intended henceforward to preserve that sphere to its own use, America would lodge any number of diplomatic complaints, but she would go no farther; and she would as soon think of attempting to acquire a sphere of her own as of purchasing Delagoa Bay. The "open door" and the "territorial integrity" of China represent the wishes, but not the determination, of America.

Americans have had so few rebuffs in their national history, they are animated by such an unholy certainty that in any diplomatic dispute the American view of things must prevail, that perhaps they hardly realize how magnificently Mr. Hay's policy and dispatches and protests rest upon bluff. It was only a year or so ago, as I tried to point out in a former issue of this Review, that they discovered that the Monroe Doctrine itself needs something more than words to make it effective. In China they have yet to admit the pregnant common-sense of the Kaiser's dictum: "If anything has to be done in this world, the pen will be powerless to carry it through unless backed by the force of the sword." Their protection so far has lain in the curious readiness with which all nations, ourselves included, take America at her own valuation. They are, for one thing, so dazzled by her potential as to exaggerate her actual power, and, for another, they make the mistake of assuming that American diplomacy, like European diplomacy, rests always on the implication of force. But in China, as we have seen, it rests on nothing of the kind, and some unpleasant surprises are in store for America when the outside world realizes, as sooner or later it must, that the American Bismarck has no Moltke in the back-

ground. When Russia, for instance, as some day she almost inevitably will—the bulk of American trade with China lying in Manchuria—decides to disregard an American protest, and in fact announces that she will "see" America, there will be nothing left for Mr. Hay or his successor but to throw the cards on the table, and to escape, with what dignity he may be able to assume, from a position essentially that of the French at Fashoda. And when the bluff is once called, it will be found that the "Cologne Gazette" was not, after all, so wide of the mark in saying, as it did during the negotiations of 1900, that "so far as the discussion of the Powers with China are concerned, it makes no difference whether America continues to co-operate or not." When, therefore, the United States is spoken of as though her backing were a matter of real moment to Japan and to ourselves, it is well that the foundations of her Far Eastern policy should be carefully examined, to find out whether they are of rock or sand. America welcomes the Anglo-Japanese Alliance as an effective instrument for protecting her interests at other people's expense. She gives it all the approval and "moral support" that any document can hope for. It works automatically on her behalf, and it relieves her of all responsibility. Therefore she blesses it. But I have tried to show that the practical value of her support, moral or diplomatic, will endure only so long as she is not found out, and that directly it encounters resolute handling, it will collapse like a pricked bubble. Is it necessary to add that if, at any crisis, assistance of a more material kind were needed, America, with a considerable show of virtue, would point out that her policy of avoiding "entangling alliances" would keep her from offering it?

Sydney Brooks.

THE INCREASING EXPORT OF ENGLAND'S ART TREASURES.

For the last twenty years or more the gains of England in masterpieces of painting and in works of art generally have been greatly overbalanced by her losses. Italy, too, continues to bleed slowly but surely, though her wounds are carefully bound up, and the aggressions of the invader are repelled with such weapons as are to hand. France has known severe losses, but through the zeal and energy of a number of new collectors has been able to make them good in other quarters. The acquisitions of the Rothschild family have not been many of late years over there; but such dilettanti and connoisseurs as M. Rodolphe and M. Maurice Kann, Madame Edouard André, the Marquise Arconati-Visconti, and M. Léopold Goldschmidt have rivalled each other in the acquisition of works by the old masters; securing some of them in Italy, but by far the greater number and the more important, alas! in that richer and better supplied market—England. Austria has remained about stationary, the Imperial Gallery of Vienna making few if any acquisitions, and the National Gallery of Buda-Pest buying not altogether wisely, and certainly much too expensively.

The great princely house of Liechtenstein and an art-loving Pole, Count Lanckoronski, have been the chief buyers of pictures; but the other great galleries—the Czernin, the Harrach, the Schönborn—have at any rate remained whole and unpillaged. But it is Prussia among the European nations that has advanced with giant strides and enriched the Berlin museums with a whole series of masterpieces by which the British collections and the British nation are the poorer. Brussels and Antwerp, the Hague and Amsterdam

are buyers, when occasion offers, in the English market, but not on a large scale, so as to constitute a growing danger. This comes from the other side of the Atlantic; and if the flow of works of art westwards is as yet a moderate though already a menacing stream, it threatens soon to become a cataract, then a mighty river, then an ocean—so astonishing is the lust for pictures, good, bad and indifferent—but above all expensive—that has developed itself, partly, it is true, among genuine connoisseurs of the higher order, but in the main among those who regard the possession of great and much-talked-of canvases as a form of ostentation, a convenient method of announcing to all whom it may concern—or not concern—the possession of great wealth and unbounded enterprise. It would be an absurdity and an impertinence to say to a great and friendly nation, bent on pre-eminence in all things, and backed up by resources seemingly limitless, growing from day to day, too, as the snowball grows, that they shall not develop and complete their collections by the acquisition of such masterpieces of art as are still in private hands, whether in England, in Italy, or elsewhere. The American millionaires have their own arguments, unanswerable from their own point of view. The nobler and more large-minded among them with a splendid and discerning generosity desire to give to the American nation as a whole the benefit of their vast accumulations of wealth; to afford them every means of perfecting the higher education, the artistic as well as the practical. The Metropolitan Museum of New York is almost wholly made up of bequests, donations and loans from private individuals,

prominent among them being the collection presented to the city by Mr. Henry G. Marquand, and the group of three famous Rembrandts temporarily deposited in the municipal gallery by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer. Mrs. John S. Gardiner of Boston is about to convert into a private museum, regularly visible to the public on certain days, as are the Roman and the Viennese galleries, her collection of old masters of all schools, the most remarkable in point of quality in the United States. It is generally understood that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan will ultimately erect in New York a museum of his own for the housing, and the regular exhibition to the public, of his treasures. To stock these private galleries, these museums, no efforts will be spared, no price will be considered excessive. And to give zest to the contest, not only with us poor Europeans whose armor the golden shafts so easily pierce, but American against American, there will be the desire to educate and delight the great nation, no doubt, but above all the desire to defeat one's brother American in a friendly battle, to possess the highest-priced or the most hotly-dis- cussed picture in the world. We may not blame the stronger for exercising his strength, for using to the full those weapons which the turn of Fortune's Wheel has for the moment—and apparently a very long moment—placed in his hands. But before this new Pactolus has, growing to gigantic and unmanageable proportions, irreparably outdone us, sweeping to the very foundations the palaces and the country seats of our fair land, and leaving them naked, shorn of their most essential beauties, dishonored by paste jewels and imitations, where lately glowed the soft radiance of priceless gems—before one of the essential glories of England has departed, let us gird up our loins and see what we can do to put a dam across this stream, to fence and guard

the palaces and citadels of art which with mighty onrush it seeks to overwhelm. The power of gold to unlock all doors, to break open and tear from their hinges those which resist, or even those behind which parley is attempted, reminds me of Elie-Delaunay's wonderful conception "The Plague of Rome," in the Museum of the Luxembourg. Upon the magnificent bronze doors of a palace of marble and porphyry, pale under a lurid sky, the Angel of Destruction descends with flaming sword, and guides an awful figure, the livid Plague-Death. With one thrust of its mighty weapon, wielded with a force against which no resistance of man avails, this nameless horror dashes down the doors and enters, carrying with it the pestilence that is corruption and annihilation. This Plague-Death may stand for the brutal might of gold, like it unseeing, unconscious, maleficent, all-shattering. The stream, weighted and discolored with its world-compelling dust, gathering a power immeasurable as it goes, now moves the wheels of the world; but in moving stains, and distorts and poisons its loveliness.

Let us draw in for a moment, and see a little what England's losses have been during the last twenty years. That she has a clear conscience with regard to the past, it would be idle to pretend. The "Milord Anglais," when making the obligatory Grand Tour in Italy in the eighteenth century and the earlier part of the nineteenth, swept away masterpieces with the aid of his toadies and advisers as ruthlessly as the American threatens to do in the present day. Only that a thorny hedge, not easily penetrable, now surrounds the remaining private galleries and collections of Italy; while those on the whole much richer ones of England which have not yet been scattered to the four winds have no wall to protect them from insidious or overt at-

tacks, from the constant undermining of the onrushing golden stream, but that of patriotism; that of a noble pride in great possessions, of a sense that the actual owner is after all—morally if not legally—but a trustee for his country in the first place, and then for the whole civilized world, of the masterpieces of the past which he holds.

It has been said that our own sins, our own shortcomings, have not been small in the past. Let us make haste to avow them, lest they be cast in our teeth. Memories surge up of Mantua pacifically sacked and robbed of its chief treasures by the agents of Charles the First in 1628-1629; of the town threatening to rise in revolt against the Gonzaga, who had thus betrayed them to the wily dealers and their royal master. Then came the Commonwealth as Nemesis, and after the execution of the hapless Stuart king, forthwith, by a hasty and ill-organized sale, scattered and cast out of England the finest collection of paintings and works of art that the world had yet seen together; the brutality of the proceeding being only equalled by its futility. To Cromwell's sense of the dignity of art, and of its didactic if not its aesthetic mission in life, we owe it that two of the greatest treasures of the British Crown—nay, of the world—were saved to us. I refer, of course, to the "Triumph of Julius Cæsar" by Mantegna, and to the Cartoons of Raphael. Another terrible loss was sustained when the art-loving Catherine II., Empress and Autocrat of All the Russias, acquired from Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, for 35,000*l.* sterling, the whole of the Houghton Hall collection, consisting of 198 pictures, among which were the exquisite "Judith" of Giorgione, which may claim to take its place with the very few things unhesitatingly to be ascribed to him; the beautiful "Vierge aux Perdrix" and "Philip, Lord Wharton" of

Van Dyck; the wonderful series of designs in oils by Rubens for the Triumphal Arch erected by the City of Antwerp upon the occasion of the solemn entry of the Cardinal-Infant Ferdinand; and the great "Sacrifice of Isaac" by Rembrandt.

Upon the burning question of the spoliation of the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, it is impossible here to enter at any length. It is too vast, and has too often and too angrily been discussed already. The great point against us is that here were the noblest, the most distinctive examples of Greek art at its zenith, not disinterred from ruins, not dug from the bowels of the earth, like those of the Mausoleum of Caria or the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, but detached from world-famous buildings of Athens, still standing, still showing, marred and shattered though they were by time and the violence of the barbarian, Greek architecture and Greek art at their highest point of perfection; still recalling, too, in the reticence and the aloofness of their beauty the supremacy of Attic culture and civilization and a point in the world's history which can never again be touched. I could not in conscience undertake to defend the action of those who carried off the unmatchable treasure in ships, did the audacious deed still remain to be done. But if we have not our defence to hand, we have our excuse in the great results achieved. The marbles of the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, as they are shown in the great halls of the British Museum, have been and are still the school, the training-ground of the world. They have forever set up the canon of a lofty and solemn beauty, which is more nearly akin to worship than to voluptuousness. They have shown, to those who knew but Greco-Roman and Roman art before, and thus had to divine Greece through a disfiguring veil, to what heights she could soar,

with what an atmosphere of serenity, of radiance too solemn for joy, she could enwrap her greatest creations. It is not too much to say that the whole current of art and archaeology has been changed by the opportunities thus given for leisurely study of the pediments, the metopes, the friezes of the Parthenon. And it is for this that we rightly stand forth unabashed, and both avow and maintain an act theoretically indefensible, but which has unquestionably proved to be for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

If we turn first to the public and private galleries of Europe, then to those of the United States, we shall see how Italy and England, but above all England, have been the happy hunting-grounds for the museum-director, eager to deserve well of his country, on the one hand, for the millionaire-collector, playing the game on his own account, on the other. We shall see how improvidently already masterpiece after masterpiece has been allowed to slip away, and we may divine—what must not be told—how the citizen within the gate, oblivious of public claims in the eagerness for private gain, has helped the keen and adroit foe without.

In France the great buyer was the Due d'Aumale for his museum of Chantilly, and it would be churlish overmuch to mourn over his acquisitions, made, as it turns out, not only for France, but for the world. It was a great and glorious act to win back the "Vierge de la Maison d'Orléans," and above all the forty-two leaves of Jehan Fouquet's "Livre d'Heures d'Etienne Chevalier," the most wonderful extant monument of the art of the limner as practised in France in the fifteenth century. Neither did he deserve less well of his country when he bought from the Duke of Sutherland and the Earl of Carlisle the great series of

French portraits of the sixteenth century which constitute the chief glory of the collection of drawings at Chantilly. We rejoice less that that little jewel of Raphael's earliest time and manner, "The Three Graces," was sold by the late Lord Dudley to the French Maecenas for 625,000 francs, still the most colossal price paid for a picture of these miniature-like dimensions. Another loss forever to be deplored is that of the "Giovanna Tornabuoni" portrait, by Domenico Ghirlandajo, which, after having hung for so long in the National Gallery as to be deemed by all who frequented it one of the most covetable among the national possessions, was suddenly, and, as the Trustees allege, without notice to them, sold by the owner, Mr. Henry Willett, to the noted Parisian connoisseur and collector, M. Rodolphe Kann. The Dresden Gallery, which had as far back as 1860 previously obtained a superb Piero di Cosimo (erroneously classed as by Luca Signorelli) from the Woodburne collection, bought from Lord Dudley in 1894 a celebrated Murillo of vast dimensions, "The Death of St. Clara." One of the gems of the Liechtenstein Gallery at Vienna is a "Portrait of an Ecclesiastic," by Quentin Matsys—perhaps his finest work of the kind—which years ago came from Fonthill Abbey. But by far the greatest gainer by our losses, not only in its beginnings, but in its present phase of development, is the Berlin Gallery. Let us pass over the Solly collection acquired in 1821, before the foundation of our National Gallery, and comprising the Van Eycks, the Roger van der Weydens, the Holbeins, the Filippo Lippis, the Botticelis, the Signorellis, the Giovanni Bellinis, the Climas, the great altar-pieces, unrivalled even in Italy, by Cosimo Tura, Lorenzo Costa and Alvise Vivarini. This is ancient history; and we are concerned not with the irreparable past, but with the lamentable present,

and the future full of uncertainty and menace. The finest *Fra Angelico* in England was indubitably the celebrated "Last Judgment" in Lord Dudley's collection; and this passed in 1884 to Berlin. At the sale to the same museum, from the same notable collection, of the great polyptych by Carlo Crivelli, "The Virgin and Child with seven Saints," one is less entitled to carp, seeing that the National Gallery is if anything overstocked with examples of Crivelli, and that this weird and strangely pathetic Veneto-Paduan is, moreover, finely represented in the Jones collection of South Kensington. The interesting profile, "Portrait of a Lady," ascribed to Piero della Francesca, but more probably—like the similar portraits in the Poldi-Pezzoli collection at Milan and in the Uffizi—by Baldovinetti, was until lately in the Ashburnham collection. One of the greatest prizes secured in England by the acute Berlin gallery-directors was the celebrated portrait from the collection of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, once called "The Fornarina by Raphael," but now, like the "Fornarina" of the Tribuna, and the Sciarra "Violin Player," recognized as one of the admirable Veneto-Roman performances of Sebastiano del Piombo, in his time of transition. The "Jean Arnolfini" of Jan Van Eyck was acquired in London in 1886; the quaint "Madonna and Child with the Carthusian," pretty rather than great or incisive in characterization, was until 1888 the chief treasure of the Marquis of Exeter's collection at Burleigh House. It was sold as a Jan Van Eyck, and is still catalogued as such, but it should rather be ascribed to his imitator, Petrus Cristus. To those who pause to consider that we possess at the National Gallery no specimen of Albrecht Dürer's work, and shall now, in all likelihood, never acquire anything that may worthily represent him as a painter, it

is doubly galling to be reminded that more than half the panels and canvases which rightfully bear his name in Berlin came from England. Those which had this provenance are the tempera "Frederick the Wise" from the Hamilton Palace Collection; the "Madonna with the Goldfinch" from that of the Marquis of Lothian at Newbattle, near Edinburgh; a wonderful "Portrait of a Girl," in the Venetian mode, painted about 1506, and a less remarkable "Portrait of a Lady." The only authentic painting by Dürer now in a public gallery in England is the little "Portrait of a Young Man" dated 1506, now at Hampton Court. Who will come forward to defend the pusillanimity which allowed a Holbein of the very first order, the "Portrait of an Elderly Man," once in the collection of Sir John Millais, to be acquired by the "Kaiser-Friedrich-Museums-Verein" for considerably less than 4,000*l.*? This society constitutes a sort of half-way house to the Berlin Gallery, where the picture, esteemed at its true value, now is. Looking round, I see nothing, save at Windsor Castle, that could worthily take its place at the National Gallery, which—apart from the subtly exquisite "Duchess of Milan," lent by the Duke of Norfolk—contains only "The Ambassadors," a piece profoundly interesting as an historical and philosophical puzzle, but as a picture, formal, stolid and wholly uninspired. From Blenheim came further a superb "Bacchanal" by Rubens, and with it one of the Antwerp master's very finest things, the "Andromeda" (Hélène Fourment), deemed, according to rumor, too nude for our gallery. The very last purchase made on behalf of the Berlin Gallery in England was that of the two great Van Dycks which were the most important things among so-called Peel heir-looms. For these sombre dramatic portraits of an aged Genoese senator, and of his consort, also in the sere and

yellow leaf, belonging to the young painter's earliest Genoese time, something like 20,000*l.* was paid, and very properly paid. But it is when we come to the Rembrandt Room, one of the great glories of the Berlin Museum, that our losses make themselves most deeply felt. Rich as the National Gallery, the Wallace collection, and the royal collection at Buckingham Palace are in Rembrandts, we have none satisfactorily to replace these here that we have forever lost. "Susanna and the Elders" was in the Lechmere collection, as was the wonderful "Vision of Daniel," perhaps Rembrandt's most poetic and mysterious creation. Assuredly the Amsterdam master's most wonderful achievement as regards color is the "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife" from Sir John Need's collection. From a distance it appears a mass of sombre yet lucent gems, glowing from the depths of that transparent darkness which is light, each with a flame at its heart. Then we have the remarkable chiaroscuro piece "St. John the Baptist Preaching," from the Dudley collection; and last, not least, one of the most important Rembrandts in existence—the "Pastor Ansloo Consoling a Widow." This last came to Berlin in 1894 from the Ashburnham collection, which it should never have left—except to pass into the National Gallery. I say nothing on the present occasion of the "Portrait of a Lady" by, or ascribed to, Velasquez, which was also at one time in the Dudley collection; or of those two jewels of the Francis Hope collection, the priceless Vermeer of Delft and the Adriaen van de Velde.

With these acquisitions those of the American millionaire collectors cannot as yet compare. But if present fabulous prices maintain themselves, or even advance—as they probably will do—the market will be at their feet, and what in the future is to be bought will be bought by them, unless indeed some

counter-influence be brought to bear on our great owners, drawn against their will by the irresistible golden magnet; desirous it may be of doing their duty to themselves and their country, yet wavering and trembling under the fascination of great figures, as the doomed creature does under the gaze of the serpent.

Mr. Henry G. Marquand acquired in 1887, from Lord Methuen's collection at Corsham, the superb "James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox," one of Van Dyck's finest performances of the English period, and a still greater rarity, the "Joseph's Coat" painted in tempera on canvas by Lucas van Leyden, and authenticated by Van Mander's description. Here, then, is a painting which is of little or no use where it now is, with the rest of Mr. Marquand's pictures, in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, because it is there isolated, with little or nothing to back it or to explain it. It would, on the other hand, have been invaluable in the National Gallery, which as yet, like so many of the great European collections, can show no genuine Lucas van Leyden. Mr. Whitney's rich and ever-growing collection includes—to mention only his most enviable possession—the enchanting full length, "William Villiers, Viscount Grandison," by Van Dyck, which used to hang almost unnoticed in a quiet English country-house; then suddenly not only took Van Dyck students but the world by storm when, as the property of Herr Hertzog of Vienna, it appeared at the Commemorative Van Dyck Exhibition of Antwerp. Of all the great full lengths of splendid young Cavallers it is perhaps the finest. A peculiar charm is given to the picture by the joyful surprise, by the naïve self-admiration, expressed in the face of the young nobleman, who looks out upon life and finds it full of beauty. It is but seldom that Van Dyck added to the characteristic

hauteur and melancholy which were the outcome of his own peculiar temperament such a subtle touch of objective characterization as this.

By far the best chosen, and to the true connoisseur and student the most valuable collection in America, is—to repeat what has been said already—that formed within the last few years by Mrs. John S. Gardiner of Boston, U.S.A. It is this enthusiastic lady who has proved herself the most dangerous because the most intelligent rival of the public picture-galleries both at home and abroad. To enumerate a few of her treasures is, or should be, to cause heart-searchings both in England and in Italy. She owns, among other things of price, the "Death of Lucretia," a characteristic Botticelli of passionately dramatic type, which was in the Ashburnham collection; the so-called "Chigi Botticelli," to which, in my opinion, an exaggerated importance has been attached; the "St. George and the Dragon" of Carlo Crivelli, from the Leyland collection; two "Triumphs" by Pesellino, which, as the property of Mrs. Austen, were exhibited at the New Gallery in 1894; the famous "Christ," an early example of Giorgione, which used to draw all worshippers of the master to the Casa Loschi at Vicenza; the "Portrait of Inghirami" from Volterra, of which I can only speak by hearsay, but which Giovanni Morelli held to be the original of the better-known picture in the Pitti Palace. The greatest blow England has suffered since the notable Ashburnham Rembrandt was quietly borne off by the victorious Prussian is the acquisition by this collector of the "Rape of Europa," a masterpiece of Titian's old age and latest manner, in perfect condition, which was the chief glory of Lord Darnley's collection at Cobham. I have told elsewhere how this superb work was in the first place offered by the late Lord Darnley to the National

Gallery for 3,000*l.* less than he afterward obtained from a noted London dealer, who ultimately made a large further profit on the sale to America. Here the owner, compelled, as may be inferred, to part with a picture of exceptional interest and value, did all that patriotism and a true sense of his great position could prompt, and the blame must accordingly attach in the right quarter. Another great loss is that of the magnificent "Portrait of the Earl of Arundel" by Rubens, which however tastefully enshrined and surrounded, cannot possibly mean as much at Boston, U.S.A., as it did at Warwick Castle. A splendid early "Portrait of Rembrandt in a Plumed Hat" is not the least of Mrs. Gardiner's many artistic possessions.

The most tremendous, the most overwhelming buyer of pictures lately has, I need hardly say, been Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. Judging by the canvases which, with unfailing liberality, he lends to the London exhibitions—whether those of the Royal Academy or the Guildhall—he has on occasion exhibited more generosity than discretion in his purchases. No sigh of regret would be heard if the celebrated, or rather the notorious "Duchess of Devonshire," whose face Gainsborough never saw as we now see it in its crude and vulgar brightness, were once more to wander into exile, and to acquire a permanent domicile in the United States. The vast "Holy Family" ascribed to Titian, and as such lent to the present exhibition of old masters at the Royal Academy, is a work wholly beneath criticism; it would be an outrage to ascribe it to any great Venetian of the sixteenth century. It is one of those things which anywhere else it would be best to pass over in silence. "Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa." To the credit side are, however, to be set many exquisite things. A great loss to Raphael students and lovers of

Italian art is the "Madonna of the Nuns of S. Antonio," the vast altarpiece of Raphael's early time, which hung for so many years, comparatively unnoticed, with the Cartoons, in the Raphael Gallery at South Kensington, but has suddenly become an object of general interest because Mr. Morgan is said to have paid 100,000l. for it. This is a work invaluable in the history of art as showing, to those who know how to read, the whole history of Raphael's early training, first in Urbino, next in Perugia, and then in Florence. In no private gallery can it, apart from the schools which it unites in itself, be seen to the best advantage or, indeed, be understood. Great possessions of the American multi-millionaire—to use a vile yet expressive phrase—are also the lovely Fragonards of Grasse, that beautiful decoration of the Salon Malvilain there, which shows the very flower of his brilliant, joyous, passionate art, and is therefore not easily appreciable at its true worth by those who persist in looking upon it as so much wall decoration, and as that only. Then there are in the Morgan collection a genuine Velasquez, "The Infanta Maria Teresa," the superb Genoese Van Dyck, "A Lady and Child," now at the Academy; several Sir Joshuas, including the beautiful portrait group, "Lady Betty Delmé and her children" (acquired from Mr. Wertheimer), and "Mrs. Payne-Gallwey carrying her child pick-a-back;" Gainsboroughs far finer in quality than the much advertised "Duchess;" the exquisite Romney known as "Emma Lady Hamilton reading news of Nelson's Victory;" the popular and often reproduced "Master Lambton" of Sir Thomas Lawrence; and celebrated landscapes by Turner and Constable.

And now, what can we do to protect ourselves, without undue injury to the individual, from the rising tide, the Napoleonic invasion and annexation by

the force of capital, with which we are threatened in the near future. In France they have a charming "Société des amis du Louvre," a union of patriots and passionate art-lovers which in a modest way does much to help the great central museum of France, already so overwhelmingly rich as to need little help from without. With revenues which do not amount to 50,000 francs per annum they have brought into the Louvre, among other things, the beautiful "Virgin and Child" ascribed to Piero della Francesca, but really by Alessio Baldovinetti, and, more recently, a magnificent Flemish tapestry of the fifteenth century. A much more serious and redoubtable organization is that of the already mentioned "Kaiser-Friedrich-Museums-Verein" of Berlin, a society of Berlinese connoisseurs and collectors in close touch with the royal museums of that city, and whose chief rôle it is to step forward and help those establishments when they have in view some work eminently desirable, which their resources may not for the time being permit them to acquire direct. They have done good service already, and to us in a corresponding degree disservice. I have already shown how the "Portrait of an Elderly Man," by Holbein, from the Millais collection, was acquired by this "Verein," and then in due course passed on to the Berlin Gallery. Some such society as these two, which flourish and vindicate their right to existence, in Paris and Berlin, would be of manifest utility in England. There have indeed been temporary organizations of the same type over here; as when a group of noblemen and gentlemen with splendid generosity assisted the nation to purchase the Longford pictures for the National Gallery; and again when a similar group stepped in to co-operate with the British Museum in the purchase of the so-called "Pichon" cup of gold, adorned with

translucent *basse-taille* enamels, an altogether unique example of French goldsmith's work of the end of the fourteenth century. But let us not deceive ourselves. Such a society as this, though it would undoubtedly render great service—even more effectually in the part of the watchful sentinel at the gate, ready at any moment to give the alarm, than in that of the David prepared to do battle with Goliath—such a society could not stand unaided against the weak within the realm and the strong without. For every *Gretchen*, possessed of a jewel of great price, is now assailed not only by the eager *Faust*, who covets the treasure and will not be gainsaid, whatever the price to her or to him; she is solicited, fascinated, and in too many instances undone by the Tempter, whose business and profit it is to do the bidding of the overpowering and in his haste wholly ruthless wooer. The good angel who should back up the weak-kneed *Gretchen*, and with flaming brand drive from his prey the *Mephisto* of the occasion, must be an official good angel, armed with the necessary powers of offence and defence; or, in default of these, with a weapon of the same character as those with which she is assailed—with sword and shield of gold. It has been shown how the Hamilton Palace Collection, the Blenheim Palace Collection, the Dudley Collection, the Ashburnham Collection, the Francis Hope Collection, among others, are things of the past; how too many others have been marred and diminished; how single masterpieces have been uprooted and carried off by the compelling force of capital, which is in itself a kind of violence. There remain to Great Britain many other noble galleries, many other great artistic possessions, in the maintenance of which as part of the appanage of great houses, and in another sense as part of the national treasure, as part of the national glory,

every art lover, nay, every British citizen, is, or should be, vitally concerned. I need hardly refer to the collections of Bridgewater House, Dorchester House, Grosvenor House, Panshanger, Althorp, Petworth House, Wilton House, Longford Castle, Gosford House, Chatsworth, Lockinge, Kingston Lacy—to name only a few of the most important in quality as in magnitude. The collections of the great house of Rothschild at Waddesdon, at Tring Park, at Halton, and in London are for obvious reasons on a different footing, and as to these, so rich in the finest English pictures, no anxiety need surely be felt. We owe a debt of gratitude—relatively if not always absolutely—to another group of collectors, who are by degrees replacing those of former generations: to Mr. George Salting, Mr. Ludwig Mond, Mr. R. H. Benson, Mr. Julius Wernher, Mr. Alfred Beit, Mr. E. J. Taylor, and others of the same stamp, who have on many occasions come forward when otherwise a great work would have been sucked in and carried out of the country on the crest of the gigantic wave. But in respect of these collections the same stability cannot be claimed or expected as we may legitimately implore, if not demand, as regards the famous historic galleries some of which have been above enumerated.

There exists in England no legal power that can prevent a man, if he be so minded, or if his necessities compel him, from bartering a great picture or work of art against a great price, whether offered by his fellow-countryman or the alien. And, alas, it would seem, judging by the experiences of the last twenty years, that there is no moral power! And yet, is there no way? It were mere midsummer madness to expect that the Legislature should impose restrictions and penalties similar to those which Italy has enacted, and now, to meet the

odious and in many instances criminal machinations of the principal and the agent, finds herself compelled from day to day more rigorously to enforce. This much, however, we may surely claim from the gentleman and the *civis Britannicus*. There are certain great works which under no circumstances should ever again be allowed to leave our shores—works in respect of which, it can never be too often repeated, the owner is morally, if not legally, the trustee for England, and in a larger sense for the world. If the owner of any of these be resolved, or by his necessities compelled, to sell, let him still be mindful of his trusteeship. Let him not surreptitiously, in the hushed quiet of dark closets, make his bargain with the agent of the foreigner, offering the biggest price, and with it the promise of a secrecy that can never be maintained. Let him boldly come forward and offer his treasure in the first instance to the Government for a national museum, or to that museum direct; or failing this, to a municipal or provincial gallery; or, if there be no response in these quarters, then to an Englishman, or a collector permanently domicilled in England. This is a case in which patriotism and a sense of the responsibility tacitly undertaken with the ownership of a great masterpiece should prompt even the needy owner to accept a lower price from the nation than he would claim from the individual—especially from the marauder attacking from without. He who, regardless of his manifest duties in this respect, either procures or accepts such secret bargains as are to the detriment of the nation and in defeat of its moral rights, must, in my humble opinion, be deemed a citizen who has forfeited his

claims to citizenship by preferring the private good to the public weal.

But, if we cannot with any hope of success ask the Legislature to make enactments and impose penalties, may we not legitimately hope that, before it is too late, the Government will seek to obtain from Parliament powers large enough to enable it to meet a great and ever growing danger, with which, swelling as it is daily to wholly unmanageable proportions, the patriotism, the zeal, the self-sacrifice of the individual are manifestly not able, unsupported, to cope? The sums needed for an effectual intervention of this order would doubtless be large. But would they amount in all to more than half the price of a single battleship of the first class? And the great works of art which would be in question—those to retain possession of which is a matter of vital moment—are much more at this stage of their existence, than merely great creations of the painter or sculptor. They are the very essence of the time to which they belong, greater and more enduring landmarks in the inner, the truer life of a nation than the wars, the political disturbances, the civic upheavals, than all the strife, the storm and stress that lies on the surface. They are of the time out of which they issue the great and permanent expression, stripped of what is accidental and ephemeral—the strong, clear flame soaring high above the sordid realities which the many accept as the essential facts, the essential truths of existence. They are the very heart, the very soul of the nation, as of the individual; without which there must be spiritual death, for the one as for the other.

Claude Phillips.

MY ONE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

I.

"And so," said the man with the silky frock-coat, who sat in the centre chair, "you would be willing to go out to the Bangowango Protectorate in the interests of the Company? Very good. I think we can promise you the appointment—on one condition: it is essential that our agent should be master of the Opeku language. It is impossible to explain the principles of European commerce to the Bangowango native in English, and all interpreters are unreliable. At the same time, we are not aware of any means by which you can obtain instruction in Opeku. Being however, as you say, an ex-student of University College, you will doubtless be able to find some source of information. You shall have three months in which to prepare yourself; by that time we expect a Bangowango headsman to have arrived in London in one of our sailing-vessels. We will confront him with you; and we shall no doubt be able to offer you the opening."

I was quite pleased with the prospect, and was turning to go, as, from a wave of the hand, I felt was expected of me, when a second person at the board, an older man, who somehow suggested having torn his conscience to shreds but still having it about him, asked leave to address me. The chairman, with a shrug, as of patient forbearance shown to a fool, assented.

"I forget your age," said my new questioner.

"Twenty," I replied, feeling very young beneath his gaze.

"Ah!"

"You know, of course," he continued, "the kind of country you are going out to?"

"Why, I suppose it will be all very interesting," I said.

"Exceedingly. Almost entirely unexplored. The Opeku tribes of the Protectorate are specially remote from all civilizing influences."

"Then I shall be a sort of explorer?" I replied, swelling with the proud thought.

"Exactly. If ever—that is, I mean to say, when you return, you should be able to interest all England with a book giving faithful impressions of many barbarous habits. Cannibalism, for instance, you will be in a position to describe minutely."

The chairman looked as if he thought his colleague might have spared us these unsavory details; but finding it produced no effect on me, he did not demur. I merely said the natives would be welcome to dine off me if they cared for anything so tough, and the speaker went on—

"Perhaps you may be interested in the study of tropical disease. Here again you will have a wide field for observation. The Opeku district of the Bangowango territory lies, as you know, on the equator. Every conceivable form of malarial microbe abounds. You will be able from first hand to study their effects, and possibly experiment with species."

I replied to the effect that the prevalence of an ague which would attack a quinine bottle would be no deterrent.

"You will have opportunities for studying poisonous plants, reptiles and insects; in short, you will find to what possible limits of insecure and insanitary surroundings European life may be with immunity exposed."

"I don't care," I said, as I saw his drift. "It suits my book; and if it will

help up the dividends of the British Bangowango Trading Company, I dare say it will suit yours. You may depend upon me; and I shall set about finding an instructor in the Opeku language without delay."

And I walked out of the board-room with a jaunty air. On the morning of the day before, I had made the discovery that Norah was engaged to Captain Chalmers.

II.

Yes, I would go out to the Bangowango Protectorate. Norah should marry her precious Chalmers, and in the meantime my bones should lie rotting in a tropical swamp, or I would come back to be the lion of a London season, completely eclipsing all such nonentities as mere captains.

I would not let Norah know of my plans till I had gone. She should see no sign in me of being crushed. I would not cut the house even. No, I would go there a good deal as usual, be grandly civil to the Captain, and coldly chivalrous to the faithless one; and I would make great friends with Norah's younger sister, Kate, who, after all, was quite worth cultivating, with plenty of go in her, and, I believed, a kind of sympathy with the victim of the fickle siren's fascinations.

I had an object in life now, more definite than engineering had ever held out to me through the exceedingly unattractive vista of dry mathematics. Not but what I must work; and I braced myself up to tackle the Opeku language and polish it off in a couple of months.

Here, however, was a difficulty which at first seemed insuperable. Professor Mahlströö (I hope I have got all the correct orthographical tags to his name) could say little about it. If, however, I referred to Vummerhausen on "The First Efforts of Primeval Man at Ar-

ticulation," I might find some allusions that would help.

I went to the British Museum reading-room, took down Vummerhausen, and wrestled with him. Vummerhausen consists entirely of footnotes, and these are not indexed, so that it took many hours to cull the few references to Opeku which that learned old ichthyosaurus had permitted himself. At the end of several mornings' work (and the desk at place H 97 in the reading-room must surely bear the dints of my elbows) all I could say of Opeku was that it was dimly and remotely allied to Arabic, and that it was chiefly a string of grunts and groans, varied by an occasional snakelike hiss.

I tried not to be discouraged, and seriously set about learning Arabic—no easy business—hoping that something would turn up, as it shortly afterwards did, to help me in my search for knowledge.

I was leaning back in my chair at seat H 97, mentally wearied and needing some change of thought. The British Museum reading-room is not a place where men usually study each other, but my attention was attracted at that moment to the elderly man who was advancing to take place H 98. I like to speculate on the life-stories of people who sit opposite me in omnibuses and trains; and my own little disappointment happily had not robbed me of this resource.

In this particular case it was not hard to sketch the general outline of the man's story from his appearance. He was of good height, erect and well built, with a noble head and a leonine shock of white hair. But his boots were terrible, and his trousers frayed at the ankles. His frock-coat was green with age and filthy with stains; its collar was turned up, and it was buttoned so closely that you could not help wondering if there was any clothing beneath it. There was a sort of for-

lorn dignity in the way he shuffled along, looking down and around, as one whose path is beset with phantoms. He looked like a seer; he was, alas! a seer of snakes.

He sat down and waited for his books. He smelt of drink; but it was plain that drink had long ceased, in his case, to promote hilarity; he sat for the most part perfectly still; when he did stir it was with extreme deliberation, as if any undue movement might rouse a spectacle in his brain and an apparition of some horror that his shaken body would insist on though his mind might rebel against belief in it.

I say all this because I can never hold as lightly as some can the ruin that drink brings a man to. I suppose the tragedy has comic interludes. But I never saw this old man without feeling that he was a standing warning of the dangers of conviviality.

When his books came they were not many or large; but he received them with a sort of dejected appetite, felt inside his coat for a pair of eyeglasses and was soon engrossed. I dare say I should have forgotten about him had not my eye fallen on the title-page of the book he was reading. It was a work on the influence of climate on dialect. I immediately wished to know the name of the author; Opeku would undoubtedly be mentioned in the tropical section; and this would be the sort of clue to be followed up. I dared not for some time, however, interrupt the reader; but at last as he laid aside one volume to take up another I touched his arm and said—

“Can you kindly tell me anything about the Opeku language? I am anxious to learn it and don’t know where to find anything about it.”

He turned a lack-lustre eye upon me, and pushed towards me the volume he had just been reading, merely saying “Folio, three-thirty-six.”

“This is no use to me,” I said, after

referring to page 336. “I’ve read all this in Vummerhausen.”

The old fellow grunted. He seemed ill-disposed to talk, and clinched matters by simply saying, with a distinct Scottish accent, “Vummerhausen’s a fool!”

Now the man who could confidently call Vummerhausen a fool must have some pretensions to being a scholar in the direction I was seeking. I therefore returned to the attack.

“How am I to learn Opeku?”

“Get out to Bangowango,” says he, without looking up.

“That’s just it,” I said; “I want to go to Bangowango, but it’s no use till I know Opeku. Do you know Opeku?”

“Does Jebb know Greek?” said he, with a kind of seedy conceit. “He knows mair, he knows all round it. I’m no’ such a dunce as I look.”

“Could you teach me?”

He turned impatiently to me. “There’s a rule of silence here for havering tongues. I’m no teacher; do I look it?”

“No,” I thought, “you don’t;” but I only said—

“Well, there’s my card, sir. If you know of any one who will undertake to give me lessons in Opeku, I will give him liberal terms.”

And I left him.

It was about a week after this that I was still groping about, almost in despair, for a solution of my difficulty, when I heard a slow shuffling step ascending the staircase of my quarters at the Inn. He walked in with a certain stiff solemnity, holding my card, which was by this time exceedingly dirty, and, without the semblance of a bow said—

“My name is Sutherland. Are you the gentleman who was yon day wishing instruction?”

“In Opeku? yes,” I said; “sit down.”

“You said liberal terms, I believe,” he continued, with a kind of toneless

sigh, looking down his shabby frock-coat, now dirtier than ever.

"I am ready to give liberal terms," I said.

He looked irresolutely at me, then seemed to gulp down some remnant of pride, sat down, and began at once.

"With regard to the structure and formeection of this language, we shall notice that absolute simplicity characterizes every detail. While it may be regarded as essentially a language of inflection, irregularities are of course conspeecuous by their absence; and it is to be noted that the so-called irregularities in any language are merely an aspect of our defective grasp and arrangement of its principles. It must be remembered that the birthplace of every language is the glottis, and that orthography is the servant, and should never be the master, of any tongue. We shall therefore in this present instance propose an alphabet of twenty-five consonants and ten vowels, as follows. . . ."

And so, volubly and clearly, he gave me a masterly sketch of the language in which he was about to instruct me.

I was amazed at the learning which had acquired all these details of a language which my teacher had probably never spoken in its native surroundings, and the skill that had so clearly arranged them for my benefit. Of course writing was unknown among the Bangowango natives; but he had apparently invented symbols to convey precisely the sounds used, and from the first I felt absolute confidence in his knowledge. I took copious notes—he was by no means easy to keep up with—and invented a sort of shorthand in Opeku. I found it best not to ask my instructor questions, but to let the flood of his knowledge gush out spontaneously, and to collect as much as I possibly could in the time. At the end of an hour I had enough taken down to occupy my time in learning; and he

then dictated to me a vocabulary and some exercises, Opeku into English and vice versa.

I now felt a difficulty about the fee. "When will you come again?" I asked.

"That depends."

"Shall I pay you at the end of the time? I suppose that will be better," I said, thinking to myself that this would be the safer arrangement.

He hesitated, and I saw a blank look of dismay steal over his face. There was not much variety of expression there, but at that moment it spoke of hopeless disappointment.

"How do I ken you?" he at length burst out with a sort of dull vehemence. "Next time I come ye may have flitted. Or ye may be deid—or me."

"There, there," I said; "will that satisfy you?" I pressed a sovereign and a shilling into his hand. (Your guinea is your only professional unit.) I am convinced, however, that he believed himself at the moment to be the recipient of two shillings merely. He stole out of the room hurriedly.

It was some days before he came again. This time he sported a linen collar, and had had his boots cleaned. The stains on his coat had been inked carefully over, and he gave me the impression of having been at some pains to pull himself together. He still reeked of spirits—but of spirits, I imagined, of a better quality. His white moustache was browned at the centre, I thought, by the passage of good French brandy. He took up the thread of the language exactly where he had left off. He seemed to warm to his work much more quickly, and spoke sonorously and well for fully the hour, I writing like a demon the while.

After this his visits were fairly regular. Sometimes he would be absent for several days at a time, and then turn up rather dilapidated. But on the

whole I came to the conclusion that my work kept him in a state of affluence to which he had long been a stranger. His tone towards me was not pleasant; but I humored him, as I wished to get the best possible value from him. He was an extraordinarily enthusiastic exponent of the language he taught me, and his enthusiasm infected me. I felt disposed to do him credit in spite of his rudeness. Once when I demurred that I was learning more than was commercially necessary, he jumped down my throat with some violence. Was I master, or was he? There was a literary value in what I was learning, or there would be in the future; had I no mind for it, or was I a mere groveller? I took the hint and was silent. In the future I saw myself as the exponent of Opeku to the educated of England. Perhaps some day I might fill a newly endowed chair in Opeku at one of our universities. At any rate I had now got an opportunity I might never meet with again. So I worked like a Trojan. I found it more than interesting. The language had more capabilities in it than I had ever dreamed of, and it was (possibly because of the excellence of my teaching) so beautifully simple. I grew to be able to translate almost any English; I even learned how to write the rude pentameters in which—so my ancient tutor informed me—the Opeku priests conveyed their religious precepts. He was much pleased with my efforts at times, and his memory seemed inexhaustible; it was practically a dictionary as well as a grammar. Once when I recited a poem by himself in Opeku the tears stood in his eyes, and a minute afterwards he was calling me a "doited fool."

"I'm not a fool," I said.

"Are you not?" said he.

"I don't know that I am," was my lame reply.

"That's it—ye don't ken it yet," he

said with a rude laugh. "But ye will some day," and he pocketed my tenth guinea and went off.

III.

All this time I was taking care not to forget that I was a blighted being. I called up the image of Norah as often as I could remember to do so, beat my breast and soliloquized, and tried not to feel better. I used to go to her people's house pretty often, and I delighted in affecting indifference to her charms—or at any rate thinking that I affected it.

I did not tell her of my designs for the future; indeed she never asked me; nor did I impart them to Kate, to whom I paid the very particular attention I thought she deserved as being a good and steady girl.

"You're a jolly good sort, Kate," I said one day. "I would like to talk to you about my work, or rather about my hobby."

"I shall be awfully glad if you will," she said.

"I'm getting a new accomplishment," I said, "and am working tremendously hard at it."

"I thought you were rather *distract*," said Kate.

"Quite natural that I should be *distract*," I remarked, looking woundedly at the fair Norah, who didn't care a rap. "However, working at it has proved a great resource," I said, "and I really feel as if I were beginning to get on. There's nothing so bad for a man inclined to brood as idleness."

"Is it the 'cello?" said Kate.

"No, it's a language," I said; and I told her of Opeku and its resources.

"I wish it were the 'cello," said Kate, "and I could play your accompaniments."

"Thanks; that's very nice of you," I said. "But I never could excel in music as I can in Opeku. Many peo-

ple can play the 'cello; but there can be hardly half a dozen people in the kingdom who can speak Opeku. When I've studied it for a few years I shall probably be, without boasting, one of the leading authorities on the subject—so my teacher tells me."

"That's a very nice ambition," said Kate.

"Oh, I dare say it's not so fine an ambition as dying for one's country," I said pointedly.—I always believed that Captain Chalmers was not exactly the kind of soldier who is attracted by war's alarms.—"But still it's something to go on with. I'm sure, a fortnight ago, I'd no idea such an ambition would ever occur to me."

"I respect you very much for it," said Kate, earnestly. "It seems to be a modest ambition—one bound not to lead to disappointment. You aren't going to pit yourself against men of greater opportunities and possibly higher intellectual abilities" (if Kate has a fault it is, perhaps that she is a trifle blunt), "but you are going to do something unique and at the same time exceedingly useful."

"And not unornamental," I responded. "If I could interest you in Opeku, you'd be surprised what a lot there is in it."

"Perhaps you can interest me in Opeku," said Kate, smiling.

I tried, and it was no failure. It is no exaggeration to say that I learnt as much Opeku at the feet of Kate, telling her about it, as I did at the hands of that bibulous old bully, Dr. Sutherland. I have since realized what it means when a person says that to learn a thing properly you must teach it. Perhaps the Doctor learned much in his bellowings at me; but he could not have a finer whetstone for his knowledge than I had in the gentler intellect of Kate. She was so full of interest in a subject which I had thought would be a bore to her, that my own enthusi-

asm was redoubled. She came to possess some knowledge of what I was learning as well, by hearing it, though I am inclined to believe she has by now forgotten it. Norah pretended not to care to hear about it. She was always writing letters or going upstairs to look at her dresses when I was there. At any rate those evenings were to me, somehow or other, exceedingly pleasant.

However, the pleasantest periods must have an end; and ere I was aware of it the time was approaching when I must finally enter into my contract with the British Bangowango Trading Company. I will not say that I anticipated it with wild joy. But I had quite made up my mind long ago; I felt certain of my fitness for the work, and did not at all mean to relinquish the scheme.

"Now, Dr. Sutherland," I said one day, "next lesson must be my last. The week after that I am to have my interview with an Opeku chief at the office in the City of which I told you, and I shall be able to put your instructions to the test. I am confident you have done the best that could be done with me, and I feel that I owe you a good deal that can't be repaid. Of course, however, I shall be unable to afford to go on working with you when once arrangements are made."

The old fellow was not best pleased. The last few weeks had been to him a time of comparative prosperity. Drinking on a full stomach, however sorry a pursuit, however dull a slavery, however joyless a necessity to the inebriate, is some thousand times better than the horrible extremity of drinking on an empty one. I felt certain he would get back to the lowest ebb again, as I had found him. No one would employ him—few would stand his temper or his irregularity. I offered to mention him to my future employers; but he refused to give me any

address, and I could do nothing more for him.

As I paid him for the last time, I felt really sorry for him. The depth of the shadow he was about to re-enter after the less sombre gloom of the last period seemed so dreadful.

"Dr. Sutherland," I said, "I am a young man and you are an old one. I can't do anything for you. But can't you—I hate to say it—can't you keep off the drink?"

"Ye're owre late, ye fule," he said; "ye're owre late. D'ye think I wouldn't if I could? Look to yourself. The drink's played the deil with my mauls, or I should never be taking your dirty money as I have done. Ye'll greatly oblige by leaving me to my lane the now," and he disappeared, never to cross my path again.

That evening I for the first time broached my plans to the two sisters. It came about in this way. Norah came in whilst Kate and I had our heads together over my work.

"Opeku again!" she said pettishly. (I have reason to believe that the Captain had that afternoon sent her a necklace with only three turquoises in it, when she had expected five.) "Opeku again! Aren't you sick of it?"

"I'm not," I said; "I don't know about Kate."

"Oh, Kate's got Opeku on the brain. It's about time she stopped it, I think. It's all you and Opeku. She jabbers Opeku in her sleep now."

Kate colored, and I could see that Norah was in a temper. So I promptly developed one of my own.

"Very well," I said. "I can promise you you shan't be bothered by *my* Opeku much longer."

"I am glad to hear it," retaliated Norah.

"Quite so. You may be interested to learn," I went on hotly, looking straight at her, "that I am shortly going to put my knowledge of Opeku to the test. I

am going out where it is spoken—yes, where it is spoken; and that is, Norah, in Bangowango, away just the other side of the equator. Yes, that has been my plan ever since *October*, Norah. That's where I'm going—Bangowango. It isn't much of a place for a white man to go to, but it's quite good enough for the likes of me, and that's where I'm going. It's the most horrible place in the world. It's all swamp and snakes and leeches. There's miasma there that you can cut with a knife—that is, if you've the strength left to hack at it at all. Very few white men ever come back alive from it. The inhabitants are all cannibals and delight in blood. The man whose place I am filling died a horrible death. But it doesn't much matter to me where I go—"

I thought I had petrified Norah into a pallid silence with my eloquence; but now she was pointing in alarm beyond me.

"Kate—look to her!" she said.

I turned round and saw that Kate was fainting. I ran and raised her in my arms to the sofa, whilst Norah rushed out for restoratives.

"Oh! oh!" said Kate, as she came to. "It's very stupid of me. I—I can't bear to hear of—of people going out to such dreadful places."

IV.

The day appointed for the interview arrived. During the interval I should, of course, have been busily engaged in revising Dr. Sutherland's notes, and finally rubbing up my knowledge of the Opeku language. I did nothing of the kind. I simply wandered aimlessly about, trying not to analyze my feelings with regard to the whole business. For one thing, however, I did not go near either Norah or Kate. I was man enough to feel that it was unsettling, and one-half of me was deter-

mined not to be unsettled. But I blamed myself considerably for having allowed myself such pleasures as I now discovered the series of evenings spent with Kate to have been. I only realized what it had been when I saw how she took the announcement of my travels.

But that was all over and I must go through the next epoch of life as best I could. Perhaps I should come back safe and sound from Bangowango, and then be able to take up the thread of friendship again. It was not easy to reason in this way, and the word "perhaps" cost me an effort; but I had the courage to trample on sentiment, or at any rate the kind of sentiment which leads a man on to getting engaged to a girl on the eve of leaving her behind him.

I went to be examined by the doctor who acted as medical adviser to the Company. I had a lurking hope that he might find a varicose vein; but I could not claim even this mild disqualification for facing the tropics. He reported upon me as perfectly sound in body, although he privately informed me with some asperity that he would not vouch for the mental condition of a man who with so good a physique elected to go where I was going.

I ultimately wrote to Kate and Norah, and told them I should not see them again before my departure. There was much business to attend to, I said, and I meant to avail myself of what little leisure I had in making farewell visits to my relations in the country. I wrote as coldly as possible; and this done, I felt something more like a man than I had done for some days past.

The day for the interview arrived, and I once more found myself in the board-room of the Company. The same fat pale man was in the chair. His proportions, however, were quite dwarfed, and he looked even flabby beside the native chief who was present.

This was no other than the notorious Hwatowayo, of whom the newspapers had not long before been full. He was supposed to have been converted from cannibalism; but I thought I read a discerning appetite in the glance with which his yellow eyes feasted themselves on me.

He was the most magnificent specimen of a glutton I have ever seen. Diametrically he was stupendous. And all his points were emphasized by his costume, which was what I should call ultra-London. He had the shiniest possible broad-brimmed silk hat, set at a knowing angle on his curly head. He wore a frock-coat and a double-breasted waistcoat of enormous frontage, in itself a complete jeweller's shop window; and he carried a noble gold-headed cane. I immediately inferred that with the Bangowango aristocracy gluttony is a fine art, and Hwatowayo its chief exponent. Every feature was in keeping with this idea. His mouth was large, mobile and prominent; his nose flat and dwarfed. Magnificent was his fat neck; and the lobes of his ears were like Rugby footballs, and laden with golden adornments.

"You will not be able," said the chairman to me, "to carry on a conversation with Hwatowayo. He knows no English, and the interpreter has been dismissed; and from the facility with which you can make yourselves understand each other, we shall know if we can avail ourselves of your services. Will you kindly address some remarks to Hwatowayo?"

I felt very foolish in the silence that followed, and under the fire of a searching grin from Hwatowayo.

"I don't know what to say," I said.

"Ask him how he likes missionary cooked," said the older man who had on the last occasion informed me about the little drawbacks of Bangowango life.

"Silence, gentlemen," said the chair-

man, as the rest of the directors laughed. "This is no time for levity."

"I'll ask him how he likes our restaurants," I said. Whereupon I rapidly evolved a flowing sentence, expressing hope that his august digestion was in good order, and that he found himself well fed in London.

Hwato wayo said nothing, and looked as if he were still waiting for me to begin; so I repeated my remark, this time with a few nods and smiles and encouraging waves of the hand.

He still left it unanswered, and I began to fear that something must be wrong with my accent. I tried again, this time speaking with slow and impressive earnestness. Again I failed to elicit any response. I now began to get hot and anxious and made another desperate attempt to "make him sensible," as the Irish say.

"It appears to be no go," said a director. "Let the nigger have a shy this time. Go it, Hwato, old boy. Speaky Opeku white man, you useless great swine, go on. Speaky Opeku, *encore, vite, allez, marchons.*"

Thus adjured, Hwato wayo seemed to understand, and rose to the occasion. He fired at me a volley of consonants, dentals and sibilants. But there was no word in it that bore the smallest resemblance to the language I had learned from Dr. Sutherland. "Tampe, tampe," I said, meaning "slowly, slowly;" but he paid no attention to me, raised his voice gradually to a vociferous boom, struck the upper part of his body a reverberating blow with his swarthy fist, rolled his yellow eyes, gobbled like a turkey-cock, and paused, evidently expecting a reply.

"There seems to be a considerable amount of sense in his remarks," observed a Yankee director and shareholder. "Can you put it into English for us, young fellow?"

"I'm bound to say I can't," I replied.

"He speaks very rapidly; but I cannot even distinguish a syllable. His Opeku, if indeed it is Opeku, differs very considerably from mine."

"Well, tell him so; make that amount clear to him anyway. The interpreter worked the oracle somehow, and he's about half your size."

"Well, I'll try again," I said, and I strung together a masterly phrase (my Opeku is an extremely comprehensive language) indicating my respect for him, my wish to understand him, and my inability to do so, arising no doubt from the careless rapidity of his utterance and my own want of practice. In a word, I remarked—

"Titta putche lalla foofoo."

Hwato wayo grunted. He held his hand to his ear to catch my words again, and I repeated—

"Titta putche lalla foofoo."

No answer.

"Titta putche bully jujah," remarked a wag at the table. "Lalla foofoo," I corrected him gravely; and in a few moments all the members of the board were innately pointing at Hwato wayo and calling out—

"Titta putche lalla foofoo."

Hwato wayo looked fogged. He smiled, and leaning forward said plaintively—

"Me no Dutch, no Dutch; spik plenty Opeku."

The air was now rent with laughter, in which every one joined excepting myself and the chairman. The latter looked exceedingly worried, and his skin began to act freely—a contingency which stout men who wear silky frock-coats are ever anxious to avoid. I confess I felt humiliated; it dawned upon me, of course, that I had been considerably bamboozled by that old reprobate, Dr. Sutherland; this was evidently what so amused everybody around me.

The interpreter was recalled, and it was soon definitely established that I knew no more Opeku than I do Dutch.

and I tailed out of the room, very glad to make my escape.

* * * * *

What the language is that I so thoroughly mastered I cannot even now say; but it remains with me, a sort of phantom accomplishment of which I can make no possible use. It is curious that I cannot forget it, whereas the solution of a quadratic taxes my memory most severely. I spend hours when I am alone travelling in converting passages in English into that remarkable tongue, and in composing long pieces of verse and prose. I never see an alien on these shores but I try it on him, always without result. Kate and I (for I may mention that we are married now) used often to dwell upon a project, to be carried out when the ship of fortune should have sailed into our little harbor, of travelling round the world, visiting every accessible corner where articulation exists, till we should discover the tribe of natives to whom my language would convey a meaning. But it does not seem likely to come off; the family demands so much more at-

tention every year, and there would perhaps be no one to take my place at the works. (I went back to the engineering after my failure as a scholar of Opeku, and am now a partner in a firm in Whitefriars, where we make the metallic fittings necessary for certain parts of refrigerating-machines, and turn out some millions of these fittings every year.) I am said, I believe, to have a peculiar influence over the class of British workmen we employ; perhaps it is that, when anything goes wrong, I am able to fire off a series of interjections of appalling sonority, of which no one knows the meaning but myself.

No; I do not think our project will carry us farther than the south coast, where we go every summer. Besides, the other day, when hastily looking at the books in a second-hand shop window, my eye caught the following title: "Some Suggestions for the Formation of a Universal Language. By Donald Sutherland, M.A., Ph.D., etc., etc. Aberdeen, 1846."

I fancy that an investigation in this direction might throw some light upon the matter.

R. W. K. Edwards.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ART AND LIFE.

What about Bohemia? Is it perhaps as mythical as Shakespeare's fabled country by the sea, or as obsolete as the nationality of the people from whom it takes its name? What is it, where is it, and above all why is it? Is there any occasion or excuse for it? Is it a vital part of the artistic life or only an excrescence on it, the cradle or the grave of genius? In short, what is the bearing of a man's life upon his work, and how far is it necessary or to

be desired, either in the interests of the man or of his work, that he should adopt a life in some degree peculiar to his calling? These are the questions it is here proposed to discuss, and from a point of view midway between the extremes of prejudice, from a standpoint, that is to say, as remote from the orthodoxy which is shocked at the Bohemianism that does not wear a tall silk hat in towns as from the unorthodoxy that would think it Philis-

tine to neglect any opportunity of outraging public opinion.

There is a fantastic idea of the artistic life which is no doubt mythical; but even for that there was a foundation; the very myth that has grown about it really goes to prove the existence of Bohemia. Nor is it by any means extinct, though its shores shift so with the tide of fashion that it is impossible to fix them with precision.

Bohemianism is as old as vagrancy; Homer has been claimed as a Bohemian; but the term in its modern sense is relatively modern. Balzac may be said to have given it currency by the publication of "Un Prince de Bohême" in 1840; and soon after that Henri Murger threw the country open, so to speak, in the famous "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême." These godfathers of the vague domain were of opinion that Bohemia existed only, and could only exist, in Paris; one of them located it definitely in the Boulevard des Italiens; but they both lived (like many another Parisian) in a world which did not extend far beyond the banks of the Seine. The truth is that, though there may be something racial in the tendency towards it, it stands for no nation but for a phase of life. The Bohemia of Balzac and Murger is naturally not that of Thackeray and Robertson, but, wherever there is society, upon its outskirts lies Bohemia. To the born Bohemian all the world is Bohemia, and Bohemia all the world. As one of its poets has sung:—

Though the latitude's rather uncertain,
The longitude equally vague,
That person I pity who knows not the
city,
The beautiful city of Prague.

And what is this Bohemian existence? It differs, of course, in different localities, and in the same locality it changes from generation to generation; but it follows always a direction somewhat

apart from the current of accepted conventions. It arises perhaps out of a certain shyness of society—*sauvage* is the French epithet—which, whether or not characteristic of the Red Indian, is a distinguishing instinct of certain of us who find it necessary to full artistic activity to live a life somewhat apart. The Savage of the twentieth century lives and orders his life quite otherwise than the men who founded, for example, the Savage Club. In dress and bearing he is irreproachable, he is far from affecting the dishevelled, he has long since abandoned the Owls' Nest, he has been known to entertain Royalty; he may be himself a Lord Chief Justice; but at heart he is, or was (or else he is an imposter) a rebel against convention, vowed to go his own way, lead his own life, the life of freedom necessary to his nature and to the exercise of his calling.

The name of Bohemian calls to mind the wandering gipsy life; and there is a race of artists temperamentally of the tribe of the Zingari, passionate lovers of nature, vagabond of mind if not of body, with a dash perhaps of the mountebank or itinerant showman in them, though it is only with words and colors that they juggle; some there are who never get beyond their *Wander-Jahr*, never settle down to steady work—the strolling players at art, they might be called—but Bohemians are not, as the name might be taken to imply, nomadic; they live even too narrowly within the confines of the artistic *milieu*. That is what they seek, that is the vindication of their fraternity. Their revolt against Philistia may be of the mildest. The frame of mind which in the Middle Ages led bookish men to seek shelter in the cloister, where, amid surroundings comparatively propitious and society not uncongenial, it was possible to pursue in peace their learned or artistic vocation, brings them nowadays sooner or

later to Bohemia—for a time at least, until perhaps the path of matrimony lures them away. The attitude of the Bohemian may be something short of active rebellion against convention; strictly speaking it need not amount to more than non-conformity—about the last word by which he would himself describe it.

Convention is the measure of common convenience; and great is the convenience of conformity. We are tempted, if only to avoid the wear and tear of existence, tamely to agree in word and deed with whatever may be currently accepted. But what if, in the case of the artistic temperament, the endeavor to conform should result only in continual friction? It is in order to avoid daily and hourly friction that the artist once for all declines to conform. Convenience in this case consists in conforming to a rule of life framed with a view to artistic needs, not social considerations.

"Great men," said Balzac, "belong to their works." The artist may be too ready to take himself for a great man, but, great or small, he belongs to his work. The way an artist lives is his affair. The hours he works, what time he goes to bed or gets up in the morning, the fashion of his clothes, the society he frequents, the amusements of his idle hours, concern himself alone; and him they concern more deeply than is always understood. He has, for one thing, to keep clear of much which, natural as it may be to others, would be to him fruitless expenditure. The habits of *Philistia*, based as they are upon the ways and wants of the well-to-do, may or may not be adapted to the needs of business and professional men; they do not in the least meet those of the artist. We hear of high prices given for works of art (especially when once the artist is safely dead and does not benefit thereby), but artists find it as a rule difficult enough to pay their

way, and they are acting only in self-defence when they refuse to spend upon what is not merely unnecessary, but would be no luxury to them if they had it, the hard-earned money they can so much better lay out in things which, luxuries though they might be to others, are necessities to them; in books, for example, travel, rest, recreation, and all manner of what may seem extravagance but is really not merely helpful but essential to their craft. It is only on condition of a sort of selfishness—at all events it is sure to be called selfishness—that a man whose work is individual does his best. And in repudiating those conventions of society which hinder him in doing it he is acting in the general interest no less than in his own. In his case duty to society consists in doing good work, not in conforming to its ways—even were that possible, which to him it may not be. His endeavor to do as others do seldom results in anything worth doing.

Our work is only partly ours. In part it is the result of circumstances, and very especially of our surroundings. We must take art as it is, with all the sensibility and supersensitivity of the artist. It is quite certain that talents which in the sunshine of sympathy would blossom freely are nipped long before appreciation falls to zero; and it is in pursuit of the equable temperature conducive to productivity in him, that the artist gravitates towards Bohemia, establishes perchance his own Bohemia, gathering to him others of his kind. For want of some such haven the village poet is driven to seek the half congenial shelter of the ale-house. It is only by rare exception that a man like Anthony Trollope can ply his craft with the regularity of a man of business, can lead the life of everybody and do his own work at the same time; and the phenomenon of an author putting his art into words at the rate of so many

an hour for so many hours every day, is probably to be accounted for by the rather prosaic character of his particular art. Mr. Andrew Lang once likened himself (as compared with the wilder singing-bird) to "a punctual domesticated barndoors-fowl laying its daily 'article' for the breakfast-table of the citizen"—that same *bourgeois*, by the way, whom the artist affects so to despise; but even the tame hen resents being cooped up.

It was Hamerton, I think, who said that an artist wants to wake up in the morning with the feeling that the day before him is all his, that he may give it to his work, and not be called off by social or other claims conflicting with it. It is because he finds it impossible to reconcile the ordinary way of life with devotion to his art, that he rebels against it. His intuition that the life of every one is not the life for him argues no vice or weakness in him. That is very clearly seen in the case of Wordsworth, whose "plain living and high thinking" may be cited as a noble form of Bohemianism, an artist's protest against the rich living and low thinking of Phœnixia, a flat refusal to fall in with the ways of life which meant nothing to him, as compared with his life's work. Thoreau again, seeking in the woods of Walden the atmosphere in which he could best work, stands for a gipsy-like but still gentle Bohemian, more at home in the solitude of Nature than in the society of men. The more typical form of Bohemian is illustrated in Walt Whitman, aggressively rebellious, so fearful indeed of being influenced by custom and convention as to make something of a parade of going counter to them. A rebel is obliged sometimes in self-defence to attack, to carry war into the country of an enemy who will not leave him in peace. It is not mere bravado which makes a man proclaim his creed. Call him by a name to

which some odium is attached, and, if he cannot shake it off, he will glory in it, just to show he is not ashamed of himself. For all that, too loud a boast of independence is not the surest proof of strong personality; ideas are none the less new or true for being expressed with due regard to the feelings and prejudices of others. An artist has not only to attract an audience but to keep it, and at times even to convert it.

A certain surliness in the attitude of an artist towards society may be accounted for by its seeming to hold out to him the promise of position or wealth, a bait which his artistic conscience warns him not to swallow. He has been known, of course, before now to take himself too seriously, and society may well disregard pretensions not warranted by work done, but it owes some attention to the protest of a man like Michael Angelo. "The world," he said, "forgets that the really zealous artist is in duty bound to abstain from the idle trivialities and current compliments of society, not because he is high and mighty or disdainful, but because his art imperatively claims his energy, all of it. If he had leisure equal to the rest of the world, the rest of the world might expect him to observe its rules of etiquette or ceremony. As it is they seek his society for their own honor and glory, and they must put up with his crotchets." That may be savage, but there is no denying the truth of it.

The artist, then, goes his own way, contrary as it may be to the neatly ordered paths of Phœnixia, no matter who may resent it. Resentment is partly owing to misunderstanding. The steady-going citizen is shocked by the artist's irregularity, the fitfulness of his industry, not realizing (how should he realize?) that this is not in him the vice it would be in a banker or his clerk. Pictures are not painted, nor statues modelled, nor poems written,

with the regularity with which a man of business casts up accounts or answers letters. An artist's best work is done, not at fixed intervals, but when the fit is on him; and, short of making his moods an excuse for shirking work, he is not only justified in following them, but bound in economic prudence to do so. The artist may be a bit of an idler, but he is not always so idle as more regular workers may think. He works, when the fit is on him, at a pressure greatly beyond that of regular routine. There follow periods of exhaustion when it is his best wisdom to desist from work.

Hast in der bösen Stund geruht,
Ist dir die gute doppelt gut.¹

So wrote Goethe, and he was no idler. And then, remember, the artist whose heart is in what he is doing never gets quite free from it, is never so idle as the man whose work is a task, from which it is a holiday to escape. An artist obeys and must obey his impulse, happy if it should not carry him too far. The peculiar temperament which is one of the conditions, if not the one condition, on which he holds his creative faculty, is not an unqualified blessing. Often it leads him astray. It is largely responsible for his irresponsibility, for the curious dulness of his common-sense, for his characteristic unfitness for the business of life. And his way of living, the way necessary it may be to his development on the artistic side, does nothing to correct the warp on the other, does not discourage waywardness, nor develop habits of caution, method, punctuality, and so forth, which (though he can afford to do without the to him intolerable routine so necessary to the conduct of more matter-of-fact affairs) are in some sort indispensable to great achievement in art.

¹ Rest always in the evil hour;
So shall you work with double power.

The badge of all our tribe is wilfulness; but some at least of our apparent unreasonableness is, in strict truth, a most rational protest against the exorbitant demands commonly made upon conformity. That a man is proof against distractions which, while affording him no satisfaction, would yet hinder him in his work, that he denies himself what he does not in the least value in order to make sure of what he treasures, that he lives simply so as to be able to work sincerely—is surely neither wayward nor wilful but the perfection of sweet reasonableness.

Plainly, then, the artist's life is not a myth, and the necessity for it is not extinct; and in so far as man, and least of all the artist, is (with the exception of here and there an anchorite) not a solitary animal, the aggregation of artists into communities in which they may rely upon the sympathy, the criticism, the incentive of fellow-workers—Bohemia, in short—is not merely justified; it is inevitable.

We pride ourselves upon our individuality, but absolutely independent we are not. The least sympathetic of us reflect the color of our surroundings; here and there a man like Charles Kingsley seems to owe almost everything to his environment at the critical moment of his life; but it tells upon us all. Polite society makes the artist something of a man of fashion, just as the companionship of fellow-artists kindles and strengthens in him the spirit which produces.

The artist, then, is fully justified in leading the life which suits him. Adherence to custom being in the main a matter of convenience, it is no credit to a man that it suits his purpose to conform, no discredit that it does not. He needs no excuse for a very wide departure from the conventions others may have accepted. The misfortune is that in the atmosphere of Bohemia the foibles of the artist have full play,

equally with his faculties, and thrive, as it proves, so abnormally, that the plea of the artistic life is made to cover a multitude of sins—some of them venial, some not.

The final verdict upon Bohemianism must depend very much upon what is understood by it. We must distinguish between its phases. In one of them it has made itself sufficiently ridiculous. Young art is prone to offer up incense at the shrine of its own genius, and the fumes get into its silly head. It is not so much Bohemianism as youthful vanity which makes one budding poet vie with another as to which shall sport the most outrageous headgear, and, if need be, refer the matter to the solemn arbitration of a third genius. But the atmosphere has something to do with inflaming such youthful vanity. It has something to do with the state of mind in which a young gentleman can dye his hair crimson and, in a yellow waistcoat, knee-breeches, and a Scotch cap, disport himself in the Luxembourg Gardens; and makes possible the otherwise impossible point of view of his friends of the Chat Noir who were not only indignant at his getting locked up but astonished.

To the childish vanity of dressing-up has succeeded the determination not, if possible, to be taken for an artist; of which two forms of affectation (vain-glorious assertion of one's calling, and denying it) the more ridiculous is the less insincere. In either case it is self-consciousness which is to blame, a vanity which will not allow a man to go about his business without always thinking what sort of a figure he cuts. Art outgrows one affectation after another, but not the vanity which gives rise to them successively. A lasting conceit is that which affects to be apart, strange, unnatural, exotic, none too moral, and prides itself upon a foolish artificiality. The pose of youthful genius has been very happily hit off

by the distinguished critic, Jules Lemaitre.

To-day certain young literary men form a fresh variety of the human race; they take themselves more seriously than priests, philosophers, or politicians. At about the age of twenty the malady gets hold of them. They begin by believing with the narrowest and most fanatical faith that literature is the noblest of human callings, the only one possible to them (all others being below their notice) and that it is really *they* who invented literature. Then they make cliques of three or two or even one. They seek painfully the most outrageous forms of expression. They are more *naturaliste* than Zola, more impressionist than the de Goncourts, more grotesquely mystic than Poe or Beaumarchais. They invent the "art of the decadence," and what not. The comparatively modest among them think they have discovered psychology, and talk of nothing else. Formerly at the age of twenty we knew how to admire, we had some respect for our masters, we had a naive affection for them,—Lamartine, Hugo, Musset and the rest—even Augier and Dumas inspired us with some consideration. But the arrogance of the new elite is unbounded. The youngsters take dislikes as arbitrary as their fancies, and their dislikes are as numerous as their admirations are rare. They hate and despise whatever is not like themselves. Knowing nothing they have a stupid and stubborn contempt for the sublimest genius or the most marvellous talent so soon as it is recognized. What with their intolerance and egotism, it is as difficult to talk to them as to a Dervish or a Thug. They are neither Christians nor citizens, nor friends, nor perhaps so much as men—they are literary—each with his peculiar creed, in which he perhaps alone believes, which he alone understands, if he does understand it.

M. Lemaitre is speaking only of the literary exclusive, but his words have a general application to other artists, and not of his country alone. The

French are by race less reticent than we, though we too are fast learning to exhibit ourselves without the disguise of costume. We should not have far to look for English parallels to Baudelaire ransacking the dictionary for strange words with which to flavor his style, or to Théophile Gautier professing, in his rage for form, to prefer the picturesque atrocities of the worst of Roman Emperors to the clean life of the best of French citizens, out of which there was no artistic capital to be made. It is surely the *virus* of Persian perversity working upon a smart English writer which makes him try and startle us by pointing, paradoxically, to M. Emile Zola as a "striking instance of the insanity of commonsense." The insincerity of the author of such topsy-turvydom is obvious; his one thought is plainly "to make the Philistine sit up" as he would say —a common foible of the Bohemian, but for the most part a mere waste of fireworks. It is a distinguishing feature of the Philistine that he takes no notice of the class whose fond ambition is to astound him, even if he is so much as aware of its existence. He neither sits up or jumps out of his skin, but goes quietly about his business, as though the startling picture had not been painted, the shocking story not told—and for the simple reason that it never comes to his knowledge. It is only human to take a rather perverse delight in shocking the straight-laced, more especially if we can flatter ourselves that the unorthodox thing wants to be said or ought to be done; but the justification of unorthodoxy, and especially of protesting it aloud, is absolute sincerity, and much of the more willfully original art of our day falls lamentably short of that. "What does it all mean?" said one city man to another—they were standing before a very extreme picture at a London exhibition. "Mean?" said the other.

"Why, it means you don't know anything about it, *but I do*."

A serious set-off against the impulse and encouragement of sympathetic and appreciative society are the pretensions awakened by the over-appreciation of critics whose horizon does not extend beyond the confines of Bohemia. The thorough-paced Bohemian will go so far as to pride himself upon his failure; it argues him too good to be appreciated. If by chance another should achieve distinction (this argument never applies to oneself), if the Philistine should, instead of opening his eyes in wonder, open his purse and buy the work of a Bohemian, why, then it can't be as good as the thorough-goer thought; the author is in fact suspect, perhaps after all a Philistine in disguise.

The contemptuous assumption that the prosperity of an artist is the ruin of his art is less inexcusable. There is a quality of undeniable genius which appears quickly to parch in the atmosphere of social success. It is a fact (though envy may quicken the perception of it) that there is something goes to success in art which is not art, which may be developed at the expense of art, and in the end extinguish it. When a man is coining money he is probably not doing all he might have done. Bohemian contempt for success is not all assumed. It was quite fair banter, and not jealousy on the part of Coppée's Donadieu, when he complained laughing of his old friend, that he dared not blow his nose till sundown, because to drop his palette and take out his pocket-handkerchief was equivalent to the loss of a louis—his last cold in the head cost him three thousand francs.

Success, as it is called, does not sit lightly upon the artist. It may prove a veritable old man of the sea upon his shoulders. His real success, of course, is in finding full expression of what

he had to say, his true pride is in his work, and Bohemia fosters in him that proper pride, together with some pride of which the propriety is less obvious. It encourages him not merely to value art at its full worth but himself, as its exponent, at something more. Unfortunately for him, the feeling for art does not in the least imply a corresponding faculty. There are many more called than will ever be chosen, and some, who make sure of their vocation, hear only the voice of their own desire to be artists. Bohemia is haunted by these victims of an illusion which grows with each fresh disappointment only more stubborn, these dreamers of dreams never by any chance to come true. There, too, are other "ghosts" and "devils," hacks, and unknown artists who will never be known—who have nothing to expect from Fortune, for she does not so much as know their address, and they are careful not to give it, resigning thus their right to complain. There is nothing for the irreconcilables who are prepared to make no concession but to fight it out, and, when worsted to accept defeat. Heroic submission is the only justification of what is else a pretence of a pose.

It is not proper pride but vanity which bids a man expect the world (in answer to his outspoken contempt for it) to come and thrust a pedestal under his unwilling feet. Proper pride would urge him to earn his livelihood at no matter what honest trade, so he might be free in his inspired moments to work according to his inspiration. Such moments are not so many that they would greatly interfere with the year's work. Genius itself is most of the time not fit for much more than plain journey-work.

Genius or journeyman, a worker must be the best judge of the way of living which suits his work. Who else can know the circumstances of his particular case? Let him live accordingly;

and, though his manner of life seem to us eccentric or unorthodox, it is justified, as the expression of individual liberty, the assertion of a right to go one's own way. It is the pose of unorthodoxy which is so childish, a defect of that quality of youthfulness which is part of the artistic nature. That eternal youthfulness of the artist makes him the rebel that he is against the conventions of society. But rebellion works itself out. Reiterated protest becomes at last a trick of speech, repeated action falls into attitude, non-conformity becomes a pose, and, cruel irony! Bohemianism itself crystallizes at last into neither more nor less than a new convention.

There is one theory of the artistic life which, sanely speaking, is not tenable—the theory of the artist's immunity from the duties of manhood and good citizenship. Irresponsible he is no doubt, in the sense that he does not recognize his responsibilities; but that does not absolve him from them. The prevalence of this incurable irresponsibility among artists seems almost to argue some insanity of the artistic nature or some depravity in the artistic life. How else are we to account for the strange perversion of the moral sense which makes it easier for a Burns to borrow than to accept money for the "efforts of his muse," and leads his artistic eulogist to find this "noble with the nobility of the Viking?" The Viking, no doubt, was unhampered by any very rigid ideas as to property or the means of acquiring it; but why noble? Another typical instance of perverted pride is that of a certain needy (one cannot say struggling) artist, to whom Canova sent the price of a study; his first thought was to send it back; but he eventually swallowed his resentment and stood treat at the inn till the money was all spent.

The boast of irresponsibility, on the part of men, some of whom at least

were not without great gifts, has almost persuaded us to mistake it for a sign of genius. And they have a charming way with them sometimes. Who does not prefer "Dick Steele with all his faults to Addison with all his essays?" But the assumption that he was the better artist because as a man he could not hold himself in hand, is worse than foolish. Pope was a far better artist, and a typical one, pursuing, it might be said, "art for art's sake," before ever the phrase was invented; and yet, so far from sacrificing to it anything of manly independence, he earned the wherewithal to live, and, having earned it, regarded it, to quote the words of Mr. Leslie Stephen, "as a retaining fee, not a discharge from his duties as an artist." That is not the Bohemian ideal of maintaining "a poet's dignity," but it is one to which Goethe and Shakespeare could have subscribed.

An artist, it is said, must obey his temperament. He should at any rate not be its slave. It is too much to say that even genius is at liberty to do no matter what, and the world is to be thankful. Temperament is but a poor excuse for a life at best much less effective than it should have been. The artist is not to be judged too harshly. His temperament exposes him possibly to more than ordinary temptation. The conditions of his life may not be of the healthiest and most bracing. It is quite possible that there is something abnormal in art, some insanity in genius. At least the artist is endowed with a nervous system liable from its very delicacy to get out of order; and the exhaustion of his nerve-power, consequent upon the high pressure at which his best work is done, weakens perhaps his powers of defence just at the point where moral sense is open to attack.

The artist, therefore, who gives way to his weakness may plead the artistic

temperament as an extenuating circumstance; but he is clearly guilty, and to claim any sort of artistic irresponsibility is something less than manly. It is not contended that artists lead less decent lives than the rest of the world, though they may take less pains to hide their lapses than some to whom respectability is a part of their stock in trade, but only that the plea of the artistic life is no justification of ill-living. The personal convenience of the artist (art is essentially personal) excuses nothing contrary to the general good. An artist is not exempt from the obligations of citizenship; and if the Bohemian's contempt for the Philistine implies that he is, then his taunt of Philistinism recoils upon himself. The claims of art and of life may not always be easy to adjust; but they are usually adjustable. If, peradventure, they should clash, it is not a case in which a man's judgment should desert him, nor an artist's sense of proportion. It is only an overweening esteem of the importance of art, or of his own importance, which, when it comes, for example, to a choice between art and morals, can blind a responsible being to his plain duty, or prevent him from perceiving that here is the occasion for the man to come to the front, and not slink behind the artist. Grant all the claims of art upon the artist, and suppose (what is by no means granted) that right conduct were contrary to the interests of art—why, then, the artist would be called upon to risk his art, as men are called upon to risk their lives; and it would be nothing less than cowardice to hold back. There is a point of view from which a man of any principle, or self-restraint, or good repute, is thought to be quite lost to art. Art, it is contended, has nothing to do with morals. Your every impulse must run away with you, or it is a sign you have no passion, no temperament. To study

seriously, to take a degree, to marry fairly, to earn your living, pay your rent, keep decent company—what is that but to confess—in acts each one more Philistine than the other, that you are not an artist? Art thrives upon disorder! It is spontaneous, free, the overflow of genius and originality! Was ever such perversity? The Philistine, it is true, is no judge of art; but of its wholesomeness Brown, Jones or Robinson, is a better judge than Rossetti or de Maupassant.

The excesses of Bohemia being what they are, no wonder it is a terror to the timid and a scandal to the conventional. Yet there is in sober truth no just reason why its inhabitants should not be as sternly steadfast to a high purpose as the great Bohemian reformer Huss himself, as brave in defence of true artistic individuality as the little body of Bohemian patriots who made their gallant stand for nationality and freedom. The Bohemianism worthy of respect is not a pose but a stand against oppression, a sev-

erance from social orthodoxy, necessary to the devoted pursuit of an artistic ideal. Whether art is worth the sacrifice is a question men will answer according to their appreciation of art. To the artist what he gives up is no sacrifice, and, were it ten times a sacrifice, it is the price at which he saves his soul alive. And yet perhaps he pays more dearly than he knows. There is a sacrifice to which he hardly gives heed enough. Too absolute detachment from the affairs of life does cost him something. Living exclusively in the world of art, in his dreams and among dreamers like himself, he loses hold upon the realities. Engrossed in art, he is apt to let pass the duties of good citizenship, and not seriously to heed the world and what is going on in it. An artist is doomed in any case to an outlook through the spectacles of art; but a real man should at least look things in the face, and take God's world for almost as serious as his own creations.

Lewis F. Day.

Macmillan's Magazine.

LA DOCTORESSE MALGRE ELLE.

When the doctors advised us to go and settle in the mountains, for the sake of our baby-boy who was just recovering from a long and serious illness, we were delighted. As we had always lived in towns, we longed for the open fields, exclaiming with Horace: "*O rus quando ego te aspiciam!*"

My husband at once looked out for a country church. The parish of B., over three thousand feet high, in the Cévennes mountains, was in want of a pastor, so he went and reconnoitred. He found it was just what we were seeking, and the inhabitants, descendants of the old

Huguenots, welcomed him enthusiastically.

When we arrived at B., in the month of June, the country was at its best. The meadows were covered with a profusion of wild flowers, the green corn was waving in the fields, the brooks babbling gaily as they skirted the edges of the pine forests. Wherever we turned picturesque views met our charmed gaze, and we congratulated one another on having found a home in such exquisite scenery.

What was our surprise to find that these beauties of Nature were unappreciated by the peasants!

When we admired the many-hued sweet-scented flowers we were told they spoilt the hay; the bold rocky mountains were bad pasture-land, and the lovely ferns only good for fodder. Once I made a nosegay of large wild pansies that spread like a fragrant carpet at our feet. Next morning a girl called at the Manse with a basket full of them, wanting to sell them at two-pence the pound! I lifted the lid, and there were hundreds of the lovely blooms—crushed and stalkless. She had seen me gathering them and thought I wanted them for herb-tea.

The longer we stayed at B. the more we were struck by the contrast between its romantic surroundings and its unpoetic inhabitants. They did not even use the produce of their country for themselves, and instead of thriving on creamy milk, golden butter and new-laid eggs, as we had imagined, they carried all these to market to be turned into ready money, and lived on prosy fat bacon, cabbages and potatoes in the form of soup. So attached were they to this diet that I once heard a young fellow grumble to his mother, who had cooked some barley for supper, "Well, mother, if a fellow can't have his cabbage soup every meal, life isn't worth living."

The limpid water of the brooks they used internally, it is true, but externally it was applied on Sundays only in many cases. One fresh-looking woman was a constant scandal to her neighbors. She washed her face and hands several times a day, and was even suspected of taking baths; they insinuated that she must have very little to do to have so much time to waste on her ablutions.

Before we had discovered these manners and customs, we were surprised to find that in spite of the pure mountain air there was a good deal of sickness in B. We soon saw that it could not be otherwise with people living on

such poor fare and having so complete a disregard of the aphorism that "cleanliness is next to godliness." Many of the complaints they suffered from were chronic, and they treated them with home-made remedies, such as *tisanes* (herb-tea), in the use of which the simplest French housewife is very skilful. But we were astonished to see that, even in acute cases of serious illness, a medical man was rarely sent for. This was due, first, to the high fees the doctors charged on account of the distance, the nearest living over two hours' drive from B., then to the fatalism of the peasants, whose habitual remark by the bedside of a sick friend was, "If his hour has come, what is the use of sending for the doctor?" in which sentiment the patient fully acquiesced. Their economy was sometimes productive of very serious consequences, as in the following case.

My husband was called every autumn of our stay in B. to a peasant's house to bury a newborn babe. The mother would send for neither doctor nor nurse, with the result that each infant in turn died at the birth. He told the parents such parsimony was criminal and they promised to do differently, but they never did.

When a doctor *was* summoned they had no scruple in beating down his fees. I saw this done once myself. After he had prescribed, the patient's wife asked:

"How much is it?"

"Let me see, how far is it? Twenty kilometres or thereabouts. Then it is twenty francs; I will say eighteen."

"Oh, perhaps not as much as that! We are poor people." Here the neighbors chimed in: "Oh, yes, they are poor people." I wished myself miles away, I felt so uncomfortable for that doctor. But he was evidently an old hand. After a little more haggling the woman put fifteen francs in his hand, saying: "We shall not quarrel over

three paltry francs." He pocketed the money without further comment.

As a rule the doctor was sent for too late, and the patient would die just before his arrival. In the midst of their grief, the nearest relatives (who would have to pay) never failed to exclaim: "Send some one to stop the doctor, quick!"

So after a long drive the latter would be told, as he came in sight of the house, that all was over and he could go home again—fee-less.

They never dreamed of asking him to see the body to make sure that life was extinct.

Such things were done in a free-and-easy style at B. Red-tape existed but to a limited extent. For instance, no pastor could legally conduct a funeral before receiving the official document stating that the death of the person concerned had been verified by the mayor's clerk. And this paper always was handed in duly signed and stamped. But the clerk had not been near the deceased's house. A relative informed him that So-and-So was dead, and he delivered the "permission to bury" at once without any formalities.

My husband feared that this casual way of interring people might lead to gruesome results, so he always ascertained the exact hour of the decease in order that the legal minimum delay of twenty-four hours should be observed. The peasants were in great haste to be rid of their dead. So many had but one room to live—and die in.

A neighboring pastor told us he felt convinced that he had buried a man alive. The person in question had been a hard drinker, a rarity in the mountains, and he expired, or appeared to do so, at the end of a drinking bout. A few days after the funeral, the pastor heard rumors which led him to investigate the matter. The responsible parties, on being pressed, admitted that

when the body was put into the coffin it was still warm. Asked why they did not say so at the time, they replied:

"We thought the brandy had preserved him, perhaps," adding by way of explanation:

"You see, everything was ready and we were not sure."

Then, to console the horror-struck pastor, they said cheerfully:

"He'll be dead by now, at any rate."

My husband was within a hair's-breadth of doing the same thing.

A peasant called to ask him to conduct the funeral of a Monsieur Verne the next day.

"When did he die?"

"To-day."

"Yes, but at what time?"

The messenger replied calmly:

"He must be dead by now, I should think."

"What! do you mean to say he is still alive and you ask me to bury him?"

"Well, you see, it's far from here and, as I happened to be coming this way, the family asked me to tell you. I am now going to the town hall to make the declaration of his death, to save sending a messenger on purpose. It's all right, there was scarcely any breath in him when I started; he's dead now, for sure."

My husband pointed out the heartlessness of such a proceeding, and prevented his making the declaration.

Receiving no further intimation from the family, my husband took occasion to go to their house a few weeks later; the first person he saw was Monsieur Verne tying up cabbages in his garden. Knowing the peasants were not sensitive on such points, he told him how near he came to burying him. The good man was quite flattered, and ever after enjoyed a little local celebrity as the man whose funeral was ordered before he was dead.

He was more fortunate than most men of his age (he was over forty), for

as a rule their constitutions were so worn out with poor food and hard work that they rarely recovered from any disease that overtook them.

Infants, too, were handicapped by the want of suitable nourishment. The mothers fed them on cabbage soup before they cut their teeth. An epidemic of whooping cough was at its height when we arrived at B., and the sufferings of the poor babies, greatly increased by the indigestible food, so touched my heart that I prescribed for two or three of them, little thinking with what consequences this action was fraught.

I had the little mites' chests and backs rubbed night and morning with acetic acid, which had proved very useful in our baby-boy's illness, and gave them some homœopathic medicines internally. They were well in a fortnight.

The news of these cures spread like wild-fire through the parish, as we learned by subsequent events; the first of which was the arrival of a peasant with her baby, saying she had heard Madame was a doctor and she had brought her child to be cured. My astonished maid replied:

"Madame is not a doctor, you must mean somebody else."

But the woman insisted on seeing me. She told me she knew I cured babies, so had brought hers. Would I make him well? And she lifted pleading eyes to mine. I gave her the same simple remedies and thought no more about it, for we were far from surmising that she was the first of hundreds who would come to see *la doctoresse malgré elle*.

Yet so it was. Next day the bell rang constantly, and by night over twenty mothers had called for medicines. I supposed the rush was over, but I was mistaken, for during the following weeks our hall and dining-room were constantly filled with women and

children, and now the former wanted remedies for themselves too.

"But I am not a doctor," I explained to the first woman who urged me to prescribe for her.

"Madame could cure me if she liked," was her reply.

"I have never studied medicine; all I know I have learned just by nursing my own family."

"Madame could cure me if she liked," persisted the woman, and seeing she meant it, what was there for it but to give her the most suitable medicines I could think of?

The climax arrived a week later. My maid came to me, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Please, Madame, there's a man downstairs asking for you, and (here she giggled) I think he is ill."

"Ill!" I cried, "but I do not see sick men. Find out if he is ill, and tell him to go to a doctor."

Down she went, but soon reappeared.

"He says he must see you, Madame, but he will not say what for."

I went to my visitor and found a middle-aged peasant.

"You wanted to speak to me?"

"Yes, Madame." A pause. "It's my throat."

"So you *are* ill. You must consult a medical man. I only treat women and children."

"Won't your 'stuff' do men good?" he asked with surprise.

"I dare say it might."

"Then why won't you give me some? I don't mind taking the same stuff as the babies."

I was perplexed; he was incapable of understanding my difficulty, for those simple-minded peasants had very primitive ideas on the subject of proprieties. After a minute's reflection, I said:

"Open your mouth and let me see your throat."

He did so and I gave him his medicines, which he carried off triumphantly.

Now the number of patients increased, for the men came too. One of the quaintest of them was the Mayor of Chabroulles. He was a wizened old man, wearing a coat cut very short in front, with little tails behind that terminated abruptly a foot below the waist. His high, unstarched collar was held erect by a voluminous neck-cloth. His sockless feet were encased in huge black *sabots*, and he had a broad-brimmed felt hat on. His son, in more modern attire, signed to him to take his hat off. He did so, but replaced it by a black nightcap, which stood straight up like a sugar-loaf, surmounted by a tassel. It was the finishing touch.

"What are you suffering from?" I asked.

He referred me by a sign to his son, who explained that the Mayor only spoke patois, so he had come to translate. After the consultation the son wrote down name and address; the old man, thinking doubtless it was a document that needed signing, added a large cross, saying in patois, "That's my mark."

At last I was so overdone with constant doctoring that I fixed three mornings a week for sick visitors. But this did not deter some from coming at all hours of the day or night.

One woman on being told she could not see Madame, for she was lying down tired out, exclaimed: "I don't mind going to her room," and, suiting the action to the word, made for the staircase.

One Saturday night the bell rang soon after midnight. I found a peasant with an infant in her arms.

"Not very good for baby to come out at this time of night," I remarked.

"It won't hurt her, she has been ill over five months."

"Over five months! Then why did you not bring her this morning?"

"I was at the fair at Chabroulles all day, and when I returned I felt, all of a sudden, that I would bring her."

I inwardly hoped that the rest of the parishioners would not feel "all of a sudden" that they would pay me nocturnal visits, but said nothing and gave the necessary remedies.

The people eventually were not satisfied with coming to see me, they wanted me to visit them, and this is how that began.

A peasant woman arrived one day accompanied by a village shopkeeper as spokeswoman. The latter informed me that the woman's husband was dangerously ill and wanted *Monsieur le pasteur* to go and administer the Communion. I promised to tell him at once, and expressed my sympathy. The women still lingered, the peasant signing to her friend to speak.

"She wants you to go too, Madame."

"Indeed, and why?"

"To give *Monsieur Croche* some medicine."

"She shall have some to take home, but she must fetch a doctor. I am told they may complain if I go to patient's houses."

Here Madame Croche burst into tears, and went down on her knees to me crying:

"Oh, Madame, save my husband! *Pour l'amour de Dieu*, save my husband!"

I was moved; no wife can hear that cry untouched. Her companion whispered to me:

"They won't send for a doctor; they are poor, and it would cost them twenty-five francs and over. Madame will harm nobody by going."

So I agreed to go. We started off and reached Rette, the nearest village to the sick man's house, within an hour. There they told us to go down—a road they called it—a rough track full of rocks. Half an hour's scramble

brought us to our destination. Madame Croche, who had gone home on horseback by a short cut then unknown to us, came out to meet us. We followed her indoors and found her husband in bed in the cupboard, as was customary in those parts. These cupboards had doors, which the peasants shut on cold nights to keep the warmth in. He was suffering from an ulcerated throat. He listened to my husband with great attention and took the Communion. I prescribed some remedies (he was well again in ten days), and we left to visit some parishioners close by.

These offered to send us home in their cart; in a rash moment I accepted. I have been in springless wood carts in Switzerland, I have driven over rough American roads in a broken-down buggy, but none of these experiences, though they are still green (and blue) in my memory, came anywhere near that drive to Rette. It was like a sea-voyage, for now we were on the crest of a rock, then down in the hollow of a rut, with the difference that the sea lets you down gently and that road did not. At first I felt like pointing out the boulders to the driver, that he might avoid the largest of them, but I soon saw he had a soul above such trifles; he drove stolidly over whatever lay in his path. Suddenly a sharper jerk than usual sent me flying to the bottom of the cart. I picked myself up ruefully, explaining to my conductor, who seemed surprised at my behavior, that it was the first time I had the privilege of driving over such a road in such a conveyance. "It is a little rough," was all he would admit.

At last we arrived at Rette, and as we drew up in the little market-place, where my husband was to rejoin us, we were surrounded by people clamoring for medicine. My first male patient was among them. He told me his throat was quite well; to prove his

statement he advanced to the side of the vehicle, and when my husband came upon the scene this is what met his astonished gaze. A man with hat off and head thrown well back opening a large pair of jaws, his wife looking down from the cart into the man's throat, and a group of peasants watching the proceedings in spell-bound admiration.

Now I was looked upon as the doctor of the parish, and was sent for from far and near. I went in cases of sudden emergencies, or when the sick person was really too poor to pay the doctor's fee.

Once I was called to a year-old baby; noticing the irritated state of the skin, I asked the mother if she ever washed him.

"Washed him?" she replied indignant, "no, indeed, Madame! What makes you think I would do such a thing? He has always been delicate, but it is not my fault, for I can truthfully say I have never touched him with water, hot or cold."

That the preceding generation had an equal antipathy to performing their ablutions I discovered one day when letting my baby-boy paddle in the brook. A dear old lady over seventy, the nurse of the village, watched him with great interest; then she turned to me and said:

"There, now! and to think you are not afraid of the little dear wetting his pretty feet! Why, I have never put mine in water since I was born!"

I was consulted for a girl who had taken a chill. I ordered a hot bath. The messenger assured me no one would take the responsibility of administering so heroic a remedy. Would I come and superintend? I agreed to do so, and gave directions to have everything ready by the time I arrived.

I found the mother and sisters assembled at the patient's bedside, looking like people prepared

for the worst. I coaxed the girl into the bath, and, tucking up my sleeves, took advantage of the chance of soaping her well. When she had sat a few minutes in the tub, she exclaimed, "Why, it's quite nice!"

After she was snug in bed again, a knock was heard, and a neighbor put her head in, her face full of the deepest concern. She said:

"I heard your poor Vasti was to have a bath. I have come to see if she is still alive!"

Luckily the girl recovered in a few days.

Epidemics were rare in B., but we had some cases of infectious diseases. Many of the peasants had relatives working in the nearest city. These would catch some complaint, and then come home to recruit, bringing the germs with them.

One day a peasant begged me to come and see her husband. Knowing she was well off, I replied that she must fetch a doctor. Later on she reappeared, and so implored me to come that I went. I found him in a high fever. Not knowing the nature of the illness, I ordered wet packs wrung out of acetic acid and water. This relieved him greatly.

In the middle of the night they sent word that he was all over spots; would we come and see? When I examined the rash, being a perfect novice (as I constantly assured them), I still failed to see what it was. My husband felt the spots, and he too did not know what it could be. He read and prayed with him, and we left telling them to report what the doctor said. I never knew if they failed to send for him, at any rate he did not put in an appearance that day.

The following afternoon, as I approached the house, I heard Monsieur Charlier, the schoolmaster, holding forth. He was much looked up to by

the villagers, and now a dozen of them were listening open-mouthed while he explained matters to them.

"This, my friends, is a case of fever." His audience exchanged admiring glances, as much as to say, "How clever of him to find that out!"

"As it is a fever complicated with a rash, we may go further and call it a case of eruptive fever."

Here, unfortunately, he caught sight of me, which cut his eloquence short. His hearers afterwards informed their friends that "poor Pierre Borel has the fever," then, shaking their heads significantly, "and Monsieur Charlier says it is the 'ruptive' fever, just think of that!"

The patient was getting weaker; I was getting anxious about him, and still the doctor did not arrive. We continued the wet packs, as he kept asking for them. Next day the doctor appeared. He looked at the sick man, then said sharply to Madame Borel:

"Give me a spoon!"

He glanced at the throat, then, flinging the spoon across the room into the fire, he shouted:

"Good heavens! He has the small-pox of the worst kind! It's black small-pox, and he'll be dead to-morrow!"

And taking up his hat he made for the door.

This is a fair specimen of the frank way in which the faculty expressed their view of the situation when visiting patients in those regions.

He called Madame Borel to him and said:

"Send for this at once," writing down a prescription in pencil.

"What's the use," replied the thrifty housewife, "if he will be dead to-morrow?"

"Tut! tut! my good woman; you can't let a man die without trying to save him. Send for this immediately."

I learned all this a few hours later,

when they brought the doctor's report and asked me to go and sit up with the sick man for a while. I found them depressed and not a neighbor near (the village was panic-stricken), but very brave as far as fear of infection was concerned. The patient, one of the elders of the church, seemed quite resigned. I left them towards morning, and soon after daybreak he died.

I was sitting in the dining-room a few hours after his death when the gate opened and the senior elder came in.

Our baby-boy was in the garden; his nurse had orders to run off with him directly any one called, for fear of contagion. She happened not to be there, and before I could get to him the old man had bent over him saying, "*Bonjour, Monsieur Bébé.*" Then he said to me:

"Very sad about Pierre Borel, isn't it? Poor fellow, I have just been putting him in his coffin!"

He had no more sense than to stand over a baby in the same clothes. Having had the small-pox himself he ran no risk, but none of us at the Manse had ever seen the disease before.

Monsieur Borel was buried under the pine tree a stone's throw from his dwelling. This was usual in B., only those who owned no land being carried to the cemetery.

We had a few more cases of small-pox. We look back upon that time as a very trying one. The peasants had such confidence in me, and yet I could do so little to check the loathsome disease, that my nights were sleepless from anxiety.

What were the results of my medical labors? Seeing that by calling in aid immediately further illness might be averted, the peasants, who never scrupled to send for me at any hour (as it cost them nothing), became less convinced that because a person fell ill "his hour had come." As, too, I urged

them in serious cases to send for a doctor, the local physicians were more often called in during our stay in B. than ever before. One with whom we were very friendly told me so and thanked me for it. This result was indirect, but none the less useful.

The direct results were also satisfactory, for many sufferers were cured.

It is true that the carelessness of the more ignorant peasants was a great hindrance to the recovery of their friends. They would persist in rubbing them with the medicines and giving them the lotions to drink!

A woman applied the homœopathic potion to her mother's spine, and gave her the pure acetic acid to drink, and then said that my "stuff" made her mother cry.

A man sponged his father's sore leg with undiluted acid; the result was vociferous.

And all this in spite of minute written directions and verbal warnings.

Happily I used no poisonous liniments, or there would have been some terrible catastrophes.

The effect of the treatment was often neutralized by the diet. Some mothers insisted on giving their sick babies cabbage soup instead of the milk I advised.

Adults fared no better. I admit that in extreme cases the oldest fowl on the farm was sometimes reluctantly sacrificed and converted into weak broth, but the partaker might be sure then that his friends felt "his hour had come" indeed.

Still, my presence in the parish of B. was a source of untold comfort to the inhabitants, and never have I felt to be of so much use to the community as I did there. It moves me now as I remember how the troubled faces brightened when I appeared, and how completely anxious relatives transferred their burden of responsibility to me; the words "Here's Madame!" did

the patient more good than a dose of medicine.

Whenever I think of my doctoring days, my heart goes out in pity to those

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poor helpless peasants and I long to hear they have found another "doctoresse malgré elle."

Zélia de Ladevèze.

THE WINDS OF CATHRIGG.

CHAPTER VII.

VIOLA'S OPPORTUNITY.

The five ladies whom Elsie and Viola called "the aunts," were aunts and little more to the two nieces. It followed naturally, though perhaps less obviously, that the two girls should appear to them chiefly as "nieces," young creatures to be trained and guided, and who were to perform in the drama of youth for their aunts' edification.

Elsie was not only naturally reticent, she had been trained in self-control. She did not confide in her aunts, but she never worried them, and as the Misses Trelevens were gentle, timid people, full of small scruples and small fears, they made no attempt to coerce her.

They firmly believed that they gave her "advantages" which she would find nowhere else, and as she was a very helpful and capable little person, they really relied on her more than they knew.

But with Viola Crosby and her aunts it was a different matter. She was a more important person. She was beautiful and it was in the power of her aunts to make her, prospectively, something of an heiress. Her mother's marriage settlements had been scandalously mismanaged, she had been able to spend her money on the necessities of Cathrigg, and what little remained had gone to Quentin, her eldest son.

But Viola would have something. It was most desirable that she should marry well, and the appearance of Edward Mason struck them as being suspicious.

Viola was so glad to see him. She had much more to say to him than to any one else. She showed him her new clothes with eagerness, she informed him with pride of her newly gained proficiency in the bicycle, and when her aunts suggested that she should prolong her visit through the remainder of the winter, she replied that she would "ask Ned."

"My dear, it rests with Lady Crosby, and with your father; I think they will not object."

"Oh, mother will tell me to stay if Ned says I must—says I ought," replied Viola. "There are heaps of things which he understands." So, accordingly, a day or two after his arrival she captured Edward, and demanded if he wished her to stay at Beachcombe.

"Don't you wish to stay, Vi?"

"I'd rather go home," said Viola. "It's all very well, but I like home best. The aunts are always wanting me to do things."

"What sort of things?"

"Well! Aunt Alethea wants me to read things."

"And a very good thing for you too."

"Yes, but then she carries on about heroes in poems and stories as if they were real people. I don't care about the Heir of Redclyffe, nor people in

Scott and Tennyson—they never lived, or if they did they're dead now. She bothers me."

"Doesn't Miss Elsworthy practise hero worship?"

"I believe she does, but they're different heroes from Aunt Alethea's. Then Aunt Bessie says I stare about and walk like a boy, and that people will look at me. So they do. I don't care. She wants me to wear a stuffy veil."

"Young ladies do, don't they?" said Ned with diffidence.

"I won't. Then Aunt Laura wants me to 'have interests.' She thinks I might 'do something,' as she calls it, for the poor people in Marsdale. I don't know which are the poor people exactly. Mother does have things cooked when they're ill, and what would they expect me to do, I should like to know!"

"Well, Vi, I don't see why you should elect to be a young savage," said Edward. "Depend upon it, both Quentin and poor Crad would like you to be like other girls. It's quite right, you ought to improve yourself."

So spoke the lips of the conscientious Edward, while in his heart he was saying that nothing could improve one who was perfect already. Her next speech took him by surprise.

"That's not all. There's—there's a man."

Viola averted her eyes, and her smooth firm cheek flushed.

"A man? Who—what?" said Ned, startled.

"I hate him," said Viola.

"But who is it? Yes, Vi, I'm sure you may tell me about it, like—like my little sister, you know."

"I don't know that there's so much to tell," said Viola. "But the aunts admire him and he comes about."

"Well, who is he?"

"He's a Mr. Winterton. Aunt Alethea says he's handsome. But there,

it's all nonsense. It's only the aunts' ideas!"

Whether some subtle influence from Edward's secret agitation penetrated Viola's unconsciousness it would be hard to say, but she evidently changed her mind about her confidence, and finished it by saying that she thought she should like to stay on after all.

Edward however soon learned from the conversation of the aunts, who were all anxious, in a delicate way, to give him information, that Mr. Winterton was a man of fortune. There was not much to be said about his family; but in these days you could not have everything. His mother was an American, and he had been educated abroad, spoke French like a native, sang, and played the piano. He was tall and handsome, with the quick lively courtesy of his mother's nation. Altogether the Miss Tremaddocks between themselves thought he would "do," and they were anxious to impress on Edward Mason that he had been very attentive and that Viola was not opposed to the idea.

It was all said almost without saying, and Edward, who had impressed on his mother the need of giving Viola "opportunities," could only tear his hair in secret now that the opportunity had come.

And Viola was inscrutable. Whether her aunts' hints told upon her, or whether Edward's secret feelings penetrated through his brotherly manner, or whether she was passing into a new stage of development, she certainly treated her "big brother" with less simplicity and more reserve. And though she was always grave and cool, there was that in her ways, when Mr. Winterton was present, which the most modest man could hardly feel to be discouraging.

Edward fell back upon Elsie. She was Viola's friend, she was her fellow girl, and she might know how things

were. He did not ask her the question in words, but broached it silently with every word and look, and all the five aunts were agreed that anything better or more suitable for Elsie than Edward Mason could not be found.

Elsie, on her side, was vividly conscious of her secret, deeply interested in everything connected with Caradoc Crosby. Intercourse with Viola and with Edward Mason was full of excitement to her, as she picked up little bits of the family story.

Not that either Viola or Edward told her the history of the quarrel, but she took that kind of interest in the matter which almost gives another sense. And she divined much that she did not actually hear.

It was no wonder that her aunts thought her interested in Edward himself, so full of interest for her was every word he said.

She pondered much on what was the right thing to do; but she always came back to the belief that if she told anybody that she had guessed the secret it ought to be "Mr. Cross" himself. And she did not instinctively take the side of the authorities. It belonged to her character and to her training to think that every one had a right to manage his own affairs and that a young man ought to be free to do as he chose with himself.

The day of the bazar arrived. The stall appropriated to the Miss Tremaddocks and Miss Trelevens was filled with pretty and valuable articles. Elsie had worked hard with them at the pricing and arranging, and with her fresh and tasteful dress and smiling pleasant manner made an excellent saleswoman.

Viola had been practically useless beforehand, and now, as she stood in front of the stall, did little more than disarrange the goods and confuse the prices. Moreover she did not like the job.

"I hate being nice for a purpose," she said. "I should like to pitch the things at the old ladies and tell them to be quick and make up their minds, for I didn't care what they took."

Nevertheless, she attracted customers, and the Miss Tremaddocks' stock of hotel boxes, knitted ties, etc., went off rapidly.

"Will you take round some flowers, Miss Crosby?" asked the lady of the flower stall.

"Or some packets of sweets?" begged she who presided over the eatables.

"No," said Viola, "I couldn't go about asking people to buy things."

But a small heap of button-holes accumulated themselves on a corner of the stall, and more than one chocolate box was to be seen beside them. Viola wore no bouquets and ate no sweets. She was engaged in a most amusing and, to her, novel game.

Young Winterton came up again and again with new button-holes of a yet more dainty kind.

Viola shook her head, and each rejected address was laid on the stall beside her. She hardly spoke or moved, and her smiles were scarcely perceptible; but she was enjoying herself intensely, experiencing all the delight of the discovery of a new power.

Winterton, really a handsome, graceful young fellow, understood the game very well.

"Now look here," he said, "Miss Crosby; if you'll wear that tea-rose for five minutes, I'll buy anything you like on the stall—the big cushion that won't sell, or the framed water-color that nobody wants."

"I don't care what you buy," said Viola; "I didn't work the ugly cushion."

"What is that you say, Mr. Winterton?" said Miss Alethea. "You have been in front of the stall for a long time. It's time you were a customer. What shall I show you?"

Sovereigns were plentiful with the young man, and he was soon possessed of the ugly cushion and the unsalable water-color, both of which he left "to ornament the stall."

Elsie watched curiously, and presently perceived that after a little more give and take, Viola had agreed to choose between all the button-holes with her eyes shut.

The result of this elementary form of amusement was the selection of the tea-rose, it was fastened into Viola's blue coat—and presently she went off with Mr. Winterton to have some tea.

Edward Mason invited Elsie to refresh herself also.

"It's very immoral," he said, "to work at disposing of a lot of rubbish. If I was a parson I'd never allow a bazar in my parish."

"Why? I thought you gave Miss Tremaddock those pretty little carvings to sell?"

"Oh, well, politeness comes before principle in this world—Americans now have all the newest tricks. Very agreeable fellows, they are—I've known a great many. Charming manners, but I never believe a word they say!"

"Isn't that rather sweeping? Father has several old friends and correspondents in Boston and Philadelphia. He thinks a great deal of them."

"I'm going back to London to-morrow," said Edward irrelevantly.

"And I to Ashenhead next Tuesday," said Elsie. "I've been away much too long."

"I'm very sorry you're going away," said Edward. "It is so good for girls to have friends, and Viola has never had any opportunities of making them."

"I've enjoyed making friends with her," said Elsie, with a blush.

"I wish— My mother and Vi must persuade you to come and stay at Cathrigg," said Edward. "In fine weather it's a very striking place."

Elsie felt suddenly breathless; she really could not speak for a minute, and then it was only to murmur something about fine scenery.

"Yes," he said, "there's something captivating in the place and the Crosbys love it with all their hearts. Poor Crad! Wherever he is, he'll think of old Scunner Head many a time."

Elsie had been brought up in the strictest truthfulness. A lie had never crossed her lips. She would have felt it impossible even to give a false impression on purpose. She flushed to the tips of her fingers and no conventional word about the lost Caradoc would come to her tongue.

She could say nothing that was true about him.

But Edward was too full of his own thoughts to follow hers.

He went away, on the next day, promising himself to run down again soon from London. The Miss Tremaddocks were polite to him but they were glad to see him go. He took one comfort with him. When they all returned from the bazar the tea-rose fell out of Viola's button-hole, and she never appeared to discover her loss.

Elsie went home shortly after to her own perplexity and Viola was left to her "opportunity."

CHAPTER VIII.

BY THE RIVER SIDE.

In the meantime Charles Cross continued his daily round of work at Ashenhead. Elsie's two worlds were nearly as much apart as his own. She did not find her Aunt Sophia much interested in the details of her life at Beachcombe, and such facts as she did communicate were not passed on by Miss Sophia to the assistant. Consequently he heard nothing about Viola, nor about Edward Mason's visit. Nor did he wish to hear. He was glad when that half-awakened other self sank

down again and left him to the quiet interests of his new life.

Quince was a link, but after all, Quince was entirely naturalized at Ashenhead. "Mr. Cross" had come under the notice of the trustees of the museum, an entire re-arrangement of which was in contemplation. Mr. Cross's ideas and suggestions were received with favor. A small salary was offered to him and he was asked to consider himself as assistant curator.

Caradoc, like his uncle Quince, had clever and careful fingers. The clouds of many a stormy day in his boyhood had rolled away and left the sky clear while he was arranging collections and naming beetles and mosses. Such a hobby had always been of infinite value to him, and he really, so to speak, in both his characters liked the work offered to him. He liked the fine old quiet rooms which had once belonged to some ecclesiastical foundation; he did not weary of the hours spent in them. Probably his quiescence was partly due to the fact that he was not yet really strong, any chill or over fatigue told on him, the quiet life suited him. In the shop his business was chiefly in the second-hand department, by means of which rare old books were sometimes discovered and disposed of to the museum. Some illuminated manuscripts, old Psalters and Breviaries were just now sold by a gentleman in the neighborhood, and in deciphering these, and thinking how to supply their defects, both David Elsworthy and his assistant spent many happy hours.

Truth to tell, the more modern and practical part of the business was hardly kept up to date. Mr. Elsworthy supplied the needs of his old customers, and had in stock a certain number of new publications, but calendars, Christmas cards and Christmas presents were not congenial to him and the two other

young men who served in the shop often felt that "our place" afforded them little to boast of.

But David Elsworthy had no reason for extending his business in these directions. His premises were his own, he had no son to come after him, and he was well able to provide for Elsie. He kept Ashenhead Grammar School supplied with all its needs, he was consulted by book collectors, sometimes from London itself, and, unambitious and contented, had the rare privilege of being able to follow his own tastes.

In a quiet way he was a talker, he liked to explain his views. He liked to sit of an evening with his cup of coffee, or his single modest glass of whisky and water beside him, and talk out his thoughts to understanding ears.

Elsie had been trained in this way. Caradoc was not accustomed to conversation except with his uncle Quince. His father gave vent to opinions which were really passions. Quentin's bundle of prejudices had been early made up and tied up tight. Viola never talked of anything but what was before her. Lady Crosby was always afraid of disputes, and Edward Mason had not perhaps realized that Crad had anything to say.

Caradoc thought that Mr. Elsworthy and his uncle Quince could have talked by the hour, and, all unconsciously, gentle and reasonable habits of thought pervaded his untrained mind. He learned to make excuses for people, to see the other side, not to change what views he held and inherited but to hold them in a different spirit. Mr. Elsworthy too had a sense of humor, a quality not conspicuous among the Crosbys.

It was a mild green winter, Caradoc took the puppy for walks in the peaceful meadows by the clear river with its even, unhurried flow, and learned to feel and to love the place during the five or six weeks of Elsie's absence.

Christmas had never been a comfortable or joyful time at Cathrigg Hall. The service at the little old church had been cold and perfunctory; when all the family were at home, they were more than ordinarily apt to quarrel. Mr. Quince, as he said, "never kept days," did not come over to dine with his brother, nor did the children go to wish him a merry Christmas. It had been almost in a secret sort of way that Lady Crosby made little pleasures for the children, or gave small gifts away to the neighbors.

The season did not therefore remind Caradoc of home in so overpowering a fashion as might be supposed. Nor did the nonconformist traditions of the Elsworthy household lead to any very marked observance of it. Christmas is, on the one hand, the most ancient of feasts, on the other, a good many of the modern customs connected with it are very modern indeed; forty or fifty years ago, many people took its festive side very quietly. Elsie's absence from the home circle was not regarded as an impossible thing, and Caradoc did not feel as acutely as many people would the absence of all Christmas greetings from the outer world. Only now and then dreams came to him, vivid images of his own rocks and fells, of Biddums's face; echoes of uncle Quince's voice, of the barking of his own dogs, of the cry of the herons and the caw of the rooks.

Miss Sophia was a silent but by no means an uninfluential member of the household. She grew to like Caradoc, whose health sometimes needed her care, and who was always courteous and kind. He felt the influence of others upon himself in an unusual degree, and the spirit of peace that dwelt in the old Quaker lady as she sat in the afternoon in her spotless dress with a religious book or a bit of beautifully executed needlework in her hand, made him feel peaceful. He did not know

anything about the books she read, he did not even know his Bible very thoroughly, he was not aware that he was more susceptible than other people to a spiritual atmosphere, but he felt it all the same. He had no sense, as many young men with a fairer record might have had, of being outside it.

Elsie came back into the midst of this quiet life, full of the most intense inward excitement. The first effect of the sight of "Mr. Cross" sitting at the dining-room table in the evening and printing the names of the birds of the county with exquisite neatness on little cards, was to make her doubt her own previous convictions. Surely it could not be as she had fancied.

Then he whistled to Quince, and lifted his blue eyes to look at her, and she felt certain that she had guessed right.

She could not bring herself to mention Viola's name, she was afraid to try the experiment. But she could not sleep for thinking of her discovery, and in a strange way she felt aggrieved at the young man's patience and contentment. He ought not to be happy with such complications behind him.

Elsie was not called upon to talk much about her Beachcombe experiences. Her father did not enter into them, and her aunt, who disliked them, was afraid of saying something not perfectly kind of the rival relations. Consequently, the names of Viola Crosby and Edward Mason were not necessarily brought forward in the family circle.

She decided that she was quite justified in keeping her discovery to herself. Her father knew that he did not know anything about his assistant, and she felt sure that he would consider the young man's family relations to be his own affair.

Caradoc Crosby, or Charles Cross, was quite old enough to settle his life for himself.

Elsie's mind decided for silence, she did not know how strongly her heart backed it up. Sincere with herself as she was, she did not realize with how intense an interest she watched Mr. Cross.

Quince had distemper. Caradoc nursed him with patience and doctored him with skill. The little beast liked Elsie; but he obeyed Caradoc's lightest whistle, whether because he was a man, because he was a Crosby, or because he knew how to manage dogs, might be an interesting problem. The care of the puppy naturally increased the intimacy between the two young people, and Caradoc gradually became aware, so to speak, of its mistress.

He liked to watch her clear, speaking eyes, as feelings of pity, anxiety or pleasure appeared in them, and though he could not define it to himself, her interest in him, which he felt unconsciously, made him think of her.

One Sunday afternoon quite early in February, Caradoc and Elsie took the convalescent Quince for an airing in the fields by the river. It was not their habit to walk together; but on this occasion they came out naturally at the garden gate, and strolled along the path, watching the puppy.

There was a feeling of spring in the air, all the young green things that come before the flowers were sprouting and growing. Elsie had a little bunch of snow-drops in her winter coat, the river sparkled under the blue and sunny sky.

"How bright it looks! How pretty the river is!" said Elsie, words that were hardly more than a smile or a laugh, the involuntary expression of her happy feelings.

"I like the river," said Caradoc, "I often listen to it, in the early morning. You hear the larks too singing over the fields, and the church-clock chiming in the distance. I can hear the river running along, and going swish against

the footbridge and then tumbling over the weir by the old mill."

"You notice a great deal," said Elsie.

"Yes—you ought always to listen to places as well as look at them if you want really to know them. But I'm going to get a kodak, Miss Elsie, and then I shall take views along the river. There are heaps of pretty ones besides the regulation mill and church spire."

As he spoke they looked towards the white foot-bridge, on which another young pair were standing, looking into the water. Yet another couple with their heads together passed along the sunny path across the river.

The obvious inference came to Caradoc's mind. Elsie's sweet and smiling face was forgetful, for the moment, of everything but the momentary pleasure.

"Why not?" he thought. The past was gone. He had ceased even to dream of Agnes Fletcher. This sunny peaceful world should be his for life. There were beautiful qualities in Elsie's soul, like the beautiful light that came into her eyes. Why should not he walk with her through life?

Then he remembered that Mr. Cross could hardly aspire to Miss Elsworthy. He knew this, but in the complex situation it hardly influenced him; indeed, he made no practical resolutions—but his voice took a different tone, his eyes another look. Elsie simply enjoyed herself, and they chattered about photographs, weeds by the river-side, trout below the bridge, till the church clock chimed half-past four, when she remarked that Quince would be tired, and Caradoc picked him up and carried him home to tea.

"Has thee had a pleasant walk?" said Miss Sophia, mildly.

"First-rate," said Caradoc joyously, as he applied himself to brown bread and marmalade, for the Elsworthys

still sat round their table to tea and made an excellent meal of it.

The servant went to church that night and Elsie remained to keep house and prepare supper. Her aunt rarely went out on Sunday evening, but Elsie, now that she was at home, would not leave her the work to do.

Elsie's heart was light and she hummed a hymn tune to herself as she moved about the comfortable warm kitchen, where the cat slept by the fire and the clock ticked cheerily.

Miss Sophia sat by the dining-room fire, watching her as she came in and out laying the supper table.

"Elsie," she said, suddenly, "thee is a discreet girl, and thee knows thee can't walk with the assistant on Sunday afternoon without making talk among acquaintances."

Elsie set down the cheese abruptly on the table with the color burning to her finger-tips. She felt breathless but she answered at once.

"Of course not, aunt Sophy, it was just an accident—I shall be going to Sunday school again next week. You know Miss James wanted to keep my class on while she was here, as she had had it so long."

"Thee is young," said Miss Sophia, "and so is he, and I don't think thee knows much about him."

"Such an idea never came into his head or mine; we took out Quince," said Elsie, hotly. "I don't know, aunt Sophy, why you should try to make me uncomfortable—it's not like you at all!"

"Thee has good sense," said Miss Sophia, "but as I say, thee is young, and thee doesn't know much about his mind or what may be in it."

Elsie whisked out again into the kitchen and returned with a jug of water.

"David may have his confidence," remarked Miss Sophia, "but of course

thee sees he did not begin life behind a counter; therefore he will not end it there. So I would have thee look carefully for a leading concerning thy relations to him."

Elsie disarranged the plates in silence for a minute or so. Then she answered sedately.

"You're quite right, aunt Sophy. You know people do go about together much more freely than they used to do. But of course Sunday afternoon in Ashen-head wouldn't do. I'll take care, though there isn't any reason for it."

"That is wise of thee," said Miss Sophia, quietly. Elsie finished her domestic arrangements, and then came and sat down by the fire with a book on her lap.

"Auntie," she said in a detached voice after a few minutes, "what sort of people do you suppose Mr. Cross belongs to?"

"My dear, he didn't tell a falsehood when he spoke of his father's bit of land. But he doesn't come of working farmers. He belongs to a good family. There's something behind. He's masquerading. I don't say that there may be much against him—but this is not his real life. And he will go back to his real life, my dear, when the time comes, which I should wish to be soon—for his own sake."

"Father didn't think it necessary to ask him any questions."

"David is doing a good work by the young man, who has a kind heart and a pleasant tongue. But he knows that thee and me can use our eyes, and draw reasonable conclusions."

"Certainly," said Elsie. "There's nothing to trouble about, auntie. Of course I have seen enough people to draw conclusions for myself."

"Still thee is young," said Miss Sophia, a little wistfully; while Elsie laughed and said, "That means that I know how to take care of myself, aunt Sophy."

But—being young—it was not wonderful that Elsie thought of the story that was working itself out beside her, morning, noon and night, till its hero filled her mind and her heart. Perplexity—pity—pleasure in his attentions, and yet a growing doubt whether he ought to show them, gave a consciousness to her manner, an uncertainty to her naturally straightforward ways, which reacted on Caradoc. He admired her more and more, enough to humble him with the sense of his own unworthiness; while all the while a little inevitable sense that he was playing the Lord of Burleigh hung at the back of his mind.

He was at least Elsie's equal, and her friends and neighbors did not know it.

The Sunday Magazine.

(To be continued.)

So, with heart and conscience contending in them both, matters worked up to their inevitable conclusion through the weeks of the early spring.

* * * * *

And on one of these peaceful sunny days, while Caradoc Crosby was thus turning to a new life, and endeavoring to forget his own people and his father's house, far away on the borders of British rule in India, a young English officer, straight and tall, with a brown impassive face, and blue black-lashed eyes, went out with his men to quell a trifling disturbance made by some discontented hill-tribes, and fell, shot through the heart, in the discharge of his duty, a son in whom his father had a right to rejoice.

Christabel Coleridge.

THE MAN OF LETTERS AS REFORMER.*

Colonel Higginson, whose works have just been sent to us in one of the charming "Riverside Editions," is one of the most venerable representatives of a type which is practically indigenous to the United States—the man of letters who also plays a serious part in public affairs. In this country the two things are usually kept distinct. Such attempts as those of Thackeray and Scott to enter the world of politics were not happy, and when we think of a literary man who has much affected the progress of human affairs, it has been rather, as in the case of Dickens, through his books than by direct personal effort. Of course, we must not be supposed to forget such a case as that of Lord Beaconsfield;

but he was rather a politician who amused himself by writing novels than a novelist who rose to power in the State. Mr. John Morley is the most eminent example whom we can call to mind of a man of letters who has risen to political power in this country, and even the warmest admirers of his literary work—amongst whom we are glad to profess ourselves—will hardly contend that he is likely to leave a mark at all commensurate with his ability on the public history of his time. In the United States, however, as in France, the literary man takes a far closer share in public affairs than it is easy to parallel in this country, where men are somewhat inclined to distrust the man of letters as a "mere student"

* "Cheerful Yesterdays;" "Contemporaries;" "Army Life in a Black Regiment;" "Women and the Alphabet;" "Studies in Romance;" "Outdoor Studies and Poems;" "Studies in History and

Letters." Works of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Riverside Edition. Boston, U. S. A.: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. [22 vols.]

or an "academic politician." Colonel Higginson's life, which is told so charmingly and with such spontaneous and entire naturalness in the autobiography which he calls "Cheerful Yesterday," affords an admirable specimen of this type. His natural path in life was that of the writer and the student. He was educated at Harvard for the ministry, and indeed held that sacred office for eleven years. Had his lot fallen in untroubled times, we should now think of him as an aged and honored clergyman who had beguiled his leisure by writing many delightful essays on literary and ethical subjects, and had trifled in his youth with the Muses of Poetry and Romance. Four or five of the volumes now before us testify to this side of Colonel Higginson's character—as the prefix to his name shows that other and very different destinies were awaiting him in the clouded times which were ahead of his young and puissant nation when he left the Divinity School at Harvard in 1847.

In one of the most notable passages that we have read for a long while in a modern book, Colonel Higginson shows us the secret at once of the strenuous achievements of his life, and the honor in which his name is held by Americans who know not only his writings but his deeds. We are sure that the present writer will be forgiven for confessing that, when he did not know so much of American history as he does now, he once said to an old American friend that he did not quite understand why Colonel Higginson was classed by his countrymen with writers like Lowell and Thoreau. "My dear fellow," was the answer, "we know what Higginson did and what he suffered: you only think of what he wrote!" There is much in the double point of view, though the reader who can enter into the spirit of these manly and cheerful volumes will

be prepared to allow that, even on literary grounds, the rank thus granted to Colonel Higginson is scarcely too high. To return to our quotation, it is in these words that Colonel Higginson sets forth the ripe fruit of his experience, as one who has known a wider range of life than falls to the lot of most men—certainly of most men of letters:—

The moral of my whole tale is that while no man who is appointed by nature to literary service should forsake it for public life, yet the experience of the platform, and even of direct political service, will be most valuable to him up to a certain point. That neither of these avenues leads surely to fame or wealth is a wholly secondary matter. Gibbon says of himself that "in circumstances more indigent or more wealthy" he "should never have accomplished the task or acquired the fame of an historian." For myself, I have always been very grateful, first, for not being rich, since wealth is a condition giving not merely new temptations, but new cares and responsibilities, such as a student should not be called upon to undertake; and secondly, for always having had the health and habits which enabled me to earn an honest living by literature, and this without actual drudgery. Drudgery in literature is not simply to work hard, which is a pleasure, but to work on unattractive material. If one escapes drudgery, it seems to me that he has in literature the most delightful of all pursuits, but especially if he can get the added variety that comes from having the immediate contact with life which occasional public speaking gives. The writer obtains from such intercourse that which Selden, in his "Table Talk," attributes to the habit of dining in public, as practised by old English Sovereigns: "The King himself used to eat in the hall, and his lords with him, and then he understood men." It is, after all, the orator, not the writer, who meets men literally face to face; beyond this their functions are much alike. Of course,

neither of them can expect to win the vast prizes of wealth or power which commerce sometimes gives; and one's best preparation is to have looked poverty and obscurity in the face in youth, to have taken its measure and accepted it as a possible alternative,—a thing insignificant to a man who has, or even thinks he has, a higher aim. No single sentence, except a few of Emerson's, ever moved me so much in youth as did a passage translated in Mrs. Austen's "German Prose Writers" from Heinzelmann, an author of whom I never read another word: "Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl; wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblenched honor, bless God, and die." This should be learned by heart by every young man; but he should also temper it with the fine sayings of Thoreau that he "did not wish to practise self-denial unless it was quite necessary." In other words, a man should not be an ascetic for the sake of asceticism, but he should cheerfully accept that attitude if it proves to be for him the necessary path to true manhood. It is not worth while that he should live, like Spinoza, on five cents a day. It is worth while that he be ready to do this, if needful, rather than to forget his appointed work, as Spinoza certainly did not. If I am glad of anything, it is that I learned in time, though not without some early stumblings, to adjust life to its actual conditions, and to find it richly worth living.

This passage is the keynote of a most wise and manly book, and of the life which it narrates. We leave the reader who does not already know the story to read for himself how Colonel Higginson was led to throw himself

soul and body into the Abolition movement, which finally triumphed when Lincoln was moved to issue the famous proclamation which added the ethical virtue of a crusade against slavery to the patriotic virtue of a fight for national unity. Two things we should like to note in passing. One is that Boston, in the earlier half of the nineteenth century, was a singular nest of ethical philosophers who have seldom been matched in their union of theory and practice. The modern reader is a little apt to forget this when he sneers at "the hub of the universe," and Colonel Higginson's record comes opportunely to remind us of the atmosphere in which not only Emerson and Lowell, but Garrison and Wendell Phillips were bred. The episode of Bronson Alcott at the attack on Boston Court-House is a case in point,—"neither Plato nor Pythagoras could have done the thing better." The second notable point is the remarkable state of mind which was produced among the Abolitionists by the horrors of the slave system. Piracy and murder—as the Southerners might call them—were among the ordinary incidents of the day's work to these truly peaceful, Christian, and ethically minded folk when it was a question of rescuing a fugitive slave. Even the non-resistance Quaker admitted that he would advise a slave in peril of recapture to shoot his pursuer dead, and Colonel Higginson describes the yacht that was kept in commission by some of his colleagues for the purpose of kidnapping any slave-owner who threatened to reclaim a fugitive slave by law, and taking him a trip along the coast of Maine till he agreed to abandon his case! It is almost impossible for us to understand such a mental state, though we are thoroughly convinced that it was not only justified by the condition of things, but necessary to reform them. Colonel Higgin-

son's account of his own sensations when he was detailed from his preaching to take part in the struggle for the maintenance of Kansas as a Free State appeals more strongly to us after the experiences of the two past years. He speaks thus of his first ride through the debatable ground:—

It had been swept by the hostile parties of both factions; there was no more law than in the Scottish Highlands; every swell of the rolling prairie offered a possible surprise, and I had some of the stirring sensations of a moss-trooper. Never before in my life had I been, distinctly and unequivocally, outside of the world of human law; it had been ready to protect me even when I disobeyed it. Here it had ceased to exist; my Sharp's rifle, my revolvers—or, these failing, my own ingenuity and ready wit—were all the protection I had. It was a delightful sensation. I could quote to myself from Browning's magnificent soliloquy in "Colombe's Birthday"—

The Spectator.

When is man strong until he feels alone?

Colonel Higginson's "Army Life in a Black Regiment," which describes the final fruition of all these strenuous, anxious and toiling years, when at last it was his privilege to be the first to lead the despised negro in arms against his oppressors, and to demonstrate his remarkable qualities of faithfulness, courage, and even of moderation in the hour of victory, is peculiarly interesting to us at present. But it is hard to think that a time will ever come when the two volumes which we have named, with their modest and manly record of a long life spent in earnest labor for the good of humanity, will cease to be prized by the sympathetic reader, even if Colonel Higginson's pleasant, but necessarily far less moving, literary essays are fated, like all works of a critical nature, to feel the fashion of the times.

THE POETRY OF ROBERT BUCHANAN.*

His poetical works extend to something like one thousand pages, closely packed in double columns—an output considerably larger than Tennyson's. They range from epic (of sorts) to lyric, from idyll to satire, from *fabliau* to newspaper verse; their subjects from Zeus and Satan, Balder and Judas Iscariot, to Whitechapel Liz and the Chartered Company. And in recent literature I know nothing more pitifully depressing; no mass of work better calculated—if he could read its inner warning—to scare an ambitious youth away from the business of writ-

ing. Here was a man clearly born to be a poet, endowed with the poet's temperament and an unmistakable gift of song. The very first lines of his "Early Poems" prove it:

How merry a life the little River leads,
Piping a vagrant ditty free from care;
Now rippling as it rustles through the
reeds
And broad-leaved lilies sailing here and
there,
Now lying level with the clover meads
And musing in a mist of golden air!
Bearing a pastoral peace where'er it
goes,
Narrow'd to mirth or broaden'd to re-
pose.

He wrote this before he was twenty.

* "The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan." In two volumes. London: Chatto and Windus. 1901. 12s.

He published "Undertones" not later than his twenty-first year and "Idylls and Legends of Inverburn" in his twenty-fourth. He died last year, aged fifty-nine, and in the interval his pen had never rested. Almost his last poem bears, for title and refrain, the words, "I end as I began;" and that, truly, seems the long and short of it. He never ceased to follow the gleam: he started with big hopes and noble ones, and carried them somehow through a miry rough-and-tumble pilgrimage: he made many errors of judgment and some that might be worse called; at the end, battered and muddled, he remained indomitably "disorderly"—to use the language of the charge-sheets—carrying about a perpetual black eye and demanding of all and sundry to come on and fight. And there remained to the end something large-hearted, something noble, about the man. I have been reading a little book of criticism which has a deal to say about the Shadowy Double in man, "that strange companion who walks foot to foot with each one of us, and yet his paces are in an unknown world." I think it impossible to deny that Buchanan walked through life in close communion with this spiritual brother, took sustenance from him in the valley of humiliation, and a certain dignity in quarrels not otherwise distinguishable from vulgar shindies. In his passion, and even out of it, he could be ungenerous and strike below the belt: but habitually he was generous, fought with a sense of right, and fought fair.

Given such a man—sensitive under tribulation, rebellious, fiercely indignant—you expect him to snatch some sort of posthumous victory. At least you expect, as you turn a thousand pages of his emotional writing, to come across one triumphantly fine lyric—one moment of inspiration in which he stood up, flung an unanswer-

able reproof in the face of his fate, and vindicated once for all the "gadfly within him," which drove him to be a poet though an unhappy one. Poor Kit Smart did it in his madhouse cell, with his "Song to David." More than one poet in recent years has done it—poor Ashe, for example, and poor Ebenezer Jones: and, once done, it is—as I say—unanswerable. But, so far as I can discover, Buchanan never did it. By 1870, or thereabouts, he was the poet (say) of "The Dead Mother"—

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep—

and of "The Little Milliner," and "The Starling," pieces full of promise, maybe, and for some reason peculiarly tempting to the anthologist; but pieces which he rejects on second thoughts, and concerning which he wonders on third thoughts why on earth they ever appealed to him; pieces which certainly will not hold their own in first-class company. I cannot find that Buchanan ever improved upon them. Page after page is passed and always we seem to be on the verge of something better. The man is not visibly deteriorating: at any rate he is not losing fire. All the conditions seem to promise a really great lyric, a fine outburst, something to silence criticism—on the next page. But before the close of the first volume this promise has become almost a terror: this man who seldom or never fell below himself was cursed with a deadly uniformity of power which as surely forbade his rising above himself. Open the second volume and read at random:

"But come!" he cried, "dwell with us
for a space,
And I will guide thee through our
woodland realm,
And tell thee of its secrets one by one—
The fever of the world is on thy face,
The wormwood of the Priest is in thy
heart;

And here by quiet waters thou shalt
brood
On shapes of beauty till thy thought
becomes
As beautiful as that it broodeth on."

—and so on and on, with continual satisfaction to the ear and scarcely a moment of wonder, never a moment of rapture, in it all. I have not read all his novels, nor seen all his plays; but with some of each I am acquainted, and in them he was at any rate capable of descending to depths. But these poems miss everything. Take for example his "Balder the Beautiful." Its capricious form at once rules it out of any chance of perfection, supposing no miracle to be interposed. For there is no need to be superfine—one has only to be passably well educated in poetry—to feel that certain forms of it are appropriate to such a story as Balder's; and certain others are not, and that Mr. Buchanan's is one of those which are not. Still, the history of poetry abounds in miracles, and the critic must be prepared for any surprise of genius in a field where genius is no exception, but sets the rules. So, with all the omens against him, Mr. Buchanan might yet have made a perfect thing of "Balder." He did not, and we are not surprised. But I take it to be really surprising that he did not even use the advantages of his license. For when a man rules himself off perfection by conceiving his poem in an eccentric, *outré*, inappropriate form, he at least gains something by his loss; he at least gives himself a better chance of surprising his public. He surrenders his prospect of conciliating the judicious for an excellent one of knocking 'em in the Old Kent-road and other seats of unprejudiced, unacademical criticism. But "Balder the Beautiful," with its fluid feeling for beauty, surprises no reader. The lyrics never "get home." We are aware of a perpetual tapping, pretty enough in its

way, but no nail is ever hit on the head.

I remember that Mr. Buchanan prefaced one of his most pugnacious articles with a description of his own youthful flagrancies; an honest description in spite of its complacency:

The young man of my own early experience . . . dreamed wildly of fame, of fair women, of beautiful books; and when he read the Masters, he despised. A great thought, even a fine phrase, stirred him like a trumpet. For him in his calm and waking moments, female purity was still a sacred certainty, and female shame and suffering were less a proof of woman's baseness and unworthiness than of man's deterioration. He lifted his hat to the Magdalen, in life and in literature. . . . In Bohemia he had heard the bird-like cry of Mimi; in the forest of Arden he had roamed with Rosalind. For him, in the lightheartedness of his youth, the world was an enchanted dwelling-place. The gods remained, with God above them. The Heaven of his literary infancy lay around him. Out in the darkened streets he met the sunny smile of Dickens, and down among the English lanes he listened to the nightingales of Keats and Tennyson.

I no more doubt that he held these ideals in the beginning than that he fought for them to the end:

Revolver, sword in hand,
Friend of the weak and worn,
A boy, I took my stand
Among the Knights forlorn.
Never to bow and kneel
To any brazen Lie,—
To love the worst, to feel
The least is ev'n as I,—
To hold all fame unblest
That helps no struggling man.—
In this, as in the rest,
I end as I began!

So he did, no doubt. He had a tender heart, a high courage, a burning scorn of meanness and injustice—although he

often did injustice by mistake, and could even deceive himself into meaninglessness. In spite of one damaging passage (one, at any rate) he was fundamentally magnanimous and honest. He heartily desired to leave the world better than he found it. But in method he was untractable. He had none of that education of mind which teaches a man to allow for his adversaries. At

The Speaker.

bottom he may have kept a humble heart; I think he could be humble with himself, before his Maker: but in practice he covered his humility with a raw conceit, and turned restive, passionate, violent, when reproved. Therefore in poetry, as in everything else, he ended as he began; a man of great promise incapable of instruction.

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

THE HISTORIC NOVEL.*

The "Black Tulip" forms one of a series called "A Century of French Romance" and is edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse. Three volumes of the series had already appeared when this one reached us; and "Notre Dame" and "The Lady of the Camellias" are promised. We ask ourselves the meaning of this startling activity. Books of adventure are all very well for boys; but can the grown-up mind still rejoice in them? Is the world growing young again? Who can want new editions of these time-honored achievements? "Literary men"—we mean the genuine thing, not the Mr. le Gallon type—have always known them; but for literary men there are the French editions, and a good many quite fair translations. Yet while we question and reason thus we become conscious that we are glad to have to read again, even in translations, these friends of our childhood. We are glad a little for the sake of ancient memories, but chiefly because we do take a living interest in them. And we believe it to be a fact that the whole reading world is growing a little tired of the serious novel of to-day.

* "The Black Tulip." By Alexandre Dumas (the Elder). Translated into English by A. J. O'Connor. Waverley Novels. London: Heinemann. 1902. 7s. 6d.

We do not mean the "novel with a purpose." The taste for that went out long ago; only Mrs. Humphry Ward and her stalwart supporter on the "Times" care a jot for it now. We do mean the merely serious novel, the novel in which psychology, character, is all in all, in which everyone is tragically grave—though for the sake of contrast, to make gravity appear graver still, certain pages of machine-made humor are allowable. Has it not become something of a nuisance? When we read it do we not feel that the making of it has become somewhat of a trick? We see not the fine, inspired, spontaneous artist at work, not the architect lovingly, passionately designing and rearing a splendid building, but the hardworking draughtsman in an engineer's office planning a locomotive on lines broadly designed for him long ago, and thinking of nothing but gaining a little in speed, or economy, or perhaps simply a slight difference in outward appearance. It is, we suppose, a generally accepted truth that after we reach a certain age the only education of any use to us is that

"The Abbot." The Edinburgh Waverley. Vol. XX and XXI. Edinburgh: Jack. 1902.

which we give ourselves. Yet these serious novelists, without a purpose, seem to have no other notion than that of earning their livelihood by trying to educate us. And when we read them we find that all they have to teach us is that life is gray and dull. A man cannot go once to Peckham or Whitechapel nowadays without coming straight home and in deadly earnestness setting to work to describe Peckham or Whitechapel. There are of course honorable exceptions. Mr. Wells, for instance, only tries to amuse us, though he is more capable of instructing us perhaps than any of the most brainy of the serious novelists. And there are others—one or two. But anyone who keeps an eye on the stream of novels poured forth cannot but be aware that apart from merely flippant or farcical stories the tendency to regard life in simply its tragic aspects has been very strong for a long time. That life has its tragic aspects we know quite well; but are we never to be allowed for a moment to forget it, are we never to be reminded that it has also its comic or genial aspects? These men and women would fain make Schopenhauers of us all, and apart from the fact that few have intellect enough to play the part, few have the temperament for it. One might think that most of our present-day writers of novels regarded or imagined life as lived in the gloom of a perpetual London fog. They analyze their characters as they try to find their way across the streets in the fog; they seem to think of nothing else than of teaching us what workings go on in the mind of a man walking through life in an everlasting fog. There is a place for that sort of thing; there is a place, and a most important one, for seriousness in life. But for heaven's sake let us occasionally smile. The man who is always serious, who can never laugh or even smile, is a bore and a nuisance;

and the continual serious novels have grown a bore and a nuisance. They are too much with us now, and so there has developed this desire for sunshine in a novel-reading world—which is to say the whole reading-world, for who does not at some time read novels? Therefore Scott has been expensively republished. Jane Austen, though she is not precisely an author for boys, has also been exquisitely republished. And now we are going to have our Dumas and Hugo once again.

Dr. Garnett in his preface to "The Black Tulip" talks forcibly, though not always, we think, with perfect accuracy, of the overthrow of the classical school by the elder Dumas, Hugo, Balzac and George Sand. What happened in their time forms a curious parallel to what is happening to-day. The classical school would never have been overthrown, had not the whole world been tired to death of it. The classical writers were not killed: they went out of fashion because the world had had too much of them. With the best cooking in the world no man can live on one meat from year's end to year's end. And so to-day we have grown, for the moment, tired of the eternal psychology and "character-drawing" of our novelists, and we too are looking round for something fresh. But there the parallel ends. In the 'thirties the something fresh was provided by living writers: to-day, for our something fresh we are forced to fall back upon the inventors of the 'thirties. These men, after all, did a thing which can only be done once. All the rest are imitations. To-day there is little demand for Balzac and none for George Sand. But for Hugo and Dumas there is a great demand. For, different though the two men were in mental gifts, in temperament, they had this in common: both could spin a yarn in a way to interest the boy's mind. They and Scott used up the

material, to a huge extent, from which yarns may be spun. Or rather, they did not use up the material so much as they used up the honest, unselfconscious desire to use it. They threw themselves upon history with a healthy appetite, Dumas and Scott with no other idea than of finding a good story there, Hugo with a very different idea; and they all told their story as they saw it, in the best language and with the best embellishments at their command. It need hardly be added that their stories were nearly all embellishment. That, indeed, helps to prove our point. Immediately after them came Thackeray. Now "Esmond" is a very great novel, but it will never hold the boy's mind as "Monte Cristo" does. We see the modern serious novelist coming along. The history is far too exact; we often feel that Thackeray is thinking less of his story than of the reported facts of history. There are parts of "Esmond" which we can read and re-read with intense pleasure, but those are precisely the parts where he lets his history go hang. When he gives us his account of the battle of Fontenoy, he makes us feel that we are not boys but men. We turn to Dumas, or Scott, or even Hugo, and we read, and know that we are boys, and enjoy ourselves enormously. Whether the thing is true or not is a matter that does not concern us. The story is all in all.

The historic novel need possess only one quality, but it must have that one: it must be a story. Those early fellows did it, as we have said, without self-consciousness: they seized their material with avidity and put it to such uses as they pleased, the uses being those of the storyteller. All the later men have tried to combine the two

things: to tell a story and to write history—or rather, to rewrite history. Even Stevenson, who was a born storyteller, makes one feel—as, for example, in "Kidnapped"—that he is writing with Green's "Short History" in front of him. That distinguished novelist, Mr. Hall Caine, in whose works one finds nothing to offend the taste of the most vulgar, makes one feel that he is writing with Baedeker in front of him. It is a curious fact that there is not such a thing as a great historic novel. In drama history has been used for great, tremendous purposes. No one can deny greatness to Shakespeare's "Henry IV." But no sooner does an historic novel get on the way to being great than it becomes dull. It must be amusing or it is nothing. The fact is if we want to take history seriously, to be interested in it, to get the true thrill and tragedy of it, we must go to those who have seriously studied it, who understand it, who can make us understand and feel it. The sheer storymaker also must have taken history seriously, must have seriously studied it, must have been interested in it; but his ultimate object is quite different from the historian's. He does not want to tell the truth: he wants, as we have said, to tell a story. He wants adventure, action, romance, the color and glory of active life lived in the bright sunlight. So far as the vast reading public is concerned Hugo is known only as a story-writer, and no one would dream of thinking about Dumas as anything else. We welcome Dumas again. We are glad to have this fine edition of "The Black Tulip," and we shall be glad to be driven once again to read more of his tales, yes, all of them.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

George Paston, author of "Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century" is about to publish a companion volume of "Little Memoirs of the Nineteenth Century."

The Shakespeare controversy is to be treated from the legal point of view, or at least in accordance with the principles which govern judicial inquiries, in a volume called "The Mystery of William Shakespeare: a Summary of Evidence" by a distinguished Irish county court judge, Judge Webb.

Apropos of the announcement of a French publisher that he is preparing an edition of Balzac, in which "the lengthy and somewhat tedious descriptive passages" are to be summarized by the editor, a French critic suggests, in a leading journal, that admirers of Balzac should raid the premises and break up the presses.

Arrangements are being made at Oxford for the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the opening of the Bodleian Library. Bodley's work was begun in 1598 and for more than two years he devoted himself to the task of providing suitable accommodations for the books. In 1600 he began to collect books for the library; not a few he gave himself. The library was solemnly opened November 8, 1602.

Naturally, the English papers abound in biographical details regarding Stephen Phillips, the author of "Ulysses." For example, we are told that he is in his thirty-fourth year, a typical Englishman, fond of out-door sports, an enthusiastic cricketer and an all-round genial companion. He is more fortu-

nate than most of his predecessors and contemporaries in letters in getting a place thus early upon the civil list, which relieves him, in a measure, from sordid anxieties.

Mr. Edward Marston's dedication of his book "Sketches of Some Old Booksellers" is pretty enough to show that age is no stranger to delicate sentiment. Here it is:—

I dedicate this book to my dear grand-daughter,

DOROTHIE DANIELS,

because she says I *must* do so, and her *must* is equal to a Queen's command. She tells me frankly that she does not care a bit for musty old booksellers of centuries ago; but then, she is very good to one old bookseller of to-day, and so it comes to pass that I send her this book, on my seventy-eighth birthday, with my love.

In a recent address before the Sesame Club in London, Mr. Gilbert Parker, speaking of "The Art of Fiction" gave the following useful hints as to its pursuit:—

A man must know truth to write fable.

Fiction can be learned, but cannot be taught.

No great writer has ever had the idea of founding a "school" of this or that—of idealism, or symbolism, or romanticism, or realism. Really great men have little time for promulgating theories; they get hold of a few principles, and by these they live.

Love and fighting are not necessarily romance; nor are soup-kitchens and Divorce Courts necessarily realism.

In the very first chapter of the book the note must be struck which shall recur throughout the book like the *motif* in an opera.

The University of Chicago Press sends out a group of small but thoughtful monographs upon educational principles as derived from modern psychology; one on "Isolation in the School" by Ella Flagg Young, and others on "Psychology and Social Practice" and the "Educational Situation" by John Dewey. The authors are both professors in the Chicago University. The same Press publishes a volume of "Constructive Studies in the Priestly Element in the Old Testament" by President William R. Harper of the University, the aim of which is to guide not only college and university students but the more advanced students in Sunday schools to an intelligent understanding of the place of the Hebrew priest and his work. From the same Press comes also the first volume of a "Cours Complet de Langue Française" by Maxime Ingres, of the University, which has some novel and helpful features.

The Japanese are omnivorous readers and, according to the London "Times," it is no unusual thing for an English publisher to receive an order for 100 copies of a two-guinea book from the Japanese firm which imports the bulk of the English and Continental books which find their way to Japan. The centre of the trade is at Tokio. This firm, prior to the publication of its January catalogue, which it calls "The "Beacon Light of Learning," made inquiries of Japanese scholars as to what they judged the master works of the nineteenth century, under six specified heads. The "Times" says of the answers:—

Replies from nearly eighty distinguished scholars are printed. England is a favored nation, but the number of German works of learning selected is very large. If one book figures more

than another it is Darwin's "Origin of Species." The teachings of Comte and Spencer are recommended repeatedly, and many books on Christianity are included. Dr. Takakusu, Professor of Comparative Philology in the Imperial University, gives Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" as the nineteenth century masterpiece in poetry, while several other professors prefer Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Ruskin, Dickens and Carlyle are among the best-known English prose writers.

The "New York Evening Post" comments, with mild sarcasm, upon the performances of the modern school of newspaper literary editors and critics, especially those who shine in the Saturday or Sunday *causerie*, and quotes, by way of illustration, this delicious paragraph from a recent notice of Mr. Mabie's "Shakespeare":—

"We can fancy the long years of pondering, the many hours of rapt and consecutive meditation, the laborious delving and sorting, the saunterings and pilgrimages, the letters of inquiry and response, and the midnight hours of reposeful sanction wherein the holiest fruits of contemplation were born, and yet all this fails to do justice to the value and import of such a work as Mabie's 'Shakespere,' and the effect it is calculated to have in widening the influence of our greatest poet and dramatist."

The "Post" reaches this cheerful conclusion:—

After all, however, our new criticism can do no permanent harm. The book which was read by millions of people last winter will stay as dead through one, two, or even ten decades as it is this winter. Since each passing season produces its own fashion of rubbish, which crowds other modes into the background, the most fatuous of literary critics are really as ephemeral as the books they applaud.

AFTER THE DAWN.

With just a wreath of drooping flowers
Plucked in love's meadows, let me go.
The ripened fruit of happier hours
I may not know.

O'er faded woodlands drives the rain;
The earth looks vexed and wan and
worn,
Like one who from a night of pain
Faces the morn.

The sunrise faints along the hill,—
The hope, the thrilling life, are gone.
Remembering that I love thee still,
Let me pass on.

Arthur L. Salmon.
Pall Mall Magazine.

PATTERING FEET.

Something's a-foot; beware, beware!
Something is climbing the bedroom
stair.

With here a stumble and there a slip,
Into the passage—trip, trip, trip.

Sharp little footfalls queer and quick,
Never a careful step they pick.
Quaintly marking a morning song,
Hurry-scurry they rush along.

Tripping bright on the passage floor,
Up they come to your bedroom door.
Never was music half so sweet
As the pit-a-pat patter of tiny feet.

Dear little voices, high and clear,
Ring like a bell in the sleeper's ear.
Small hands pluck at his touzled head,
"Daddy, oh Daddy, get out of bed!"

Keeping the rules—it's all a game—
Out they patter as in they came,
But somehow the song moves rather
slow,
As down the passage and off they go.

And it's oh for the years that have
passed away,
And the feet that pattered at break of
day.

Now they are heavily booted feet,
And they tramp and stamp in the busy
street.

And some of them seemed to tire of
fun,
So they wandered away till they met
the sun;
But he sends them sliding along his
beams,
To patter again in your morning
dreams.

Punch.

A DEAD HARVEST.

(In Kensington Gardens.)

Along the graceless grass of town
They rake the rows of red and brown,
Dead leaves, unlike the rows of hay,
Delicate, neither gold nor gray,
Raked long ago and far away.

A narrow silence in the park;
Between the lights a narrow dark.
One street rolls on the north, and one,
Muffled, upon the south doth run.
Amid the mist the work is done.

A futile crop; for it the fire
Smoulders, and, for a stack, a pyre.
So go the town's lives on the breeze,
Even as the sheddings of the trees;
Bosom nor barn is filled with these.

Alice Meynell.

SUNSET.

Sunset, with every sense awake
To catch the beauty of the lake:
Sunset, the sun a dying fire,
The last flame of a soul's desire:
Yet not the last, for every cloud
Is instinct with new joys allowed:
Sunset, when all the clouds confess
The glories of the rainbow's dress:
Sunset, to all who see aright
A sign of Everlasting Might!
Sunset, and when the sun has set
The heart seems clouded with regret,
Till, following the lord of noon,
Comes the calm splendor of the moon.

Walter Herries Pollock.

Longman's Magazine.